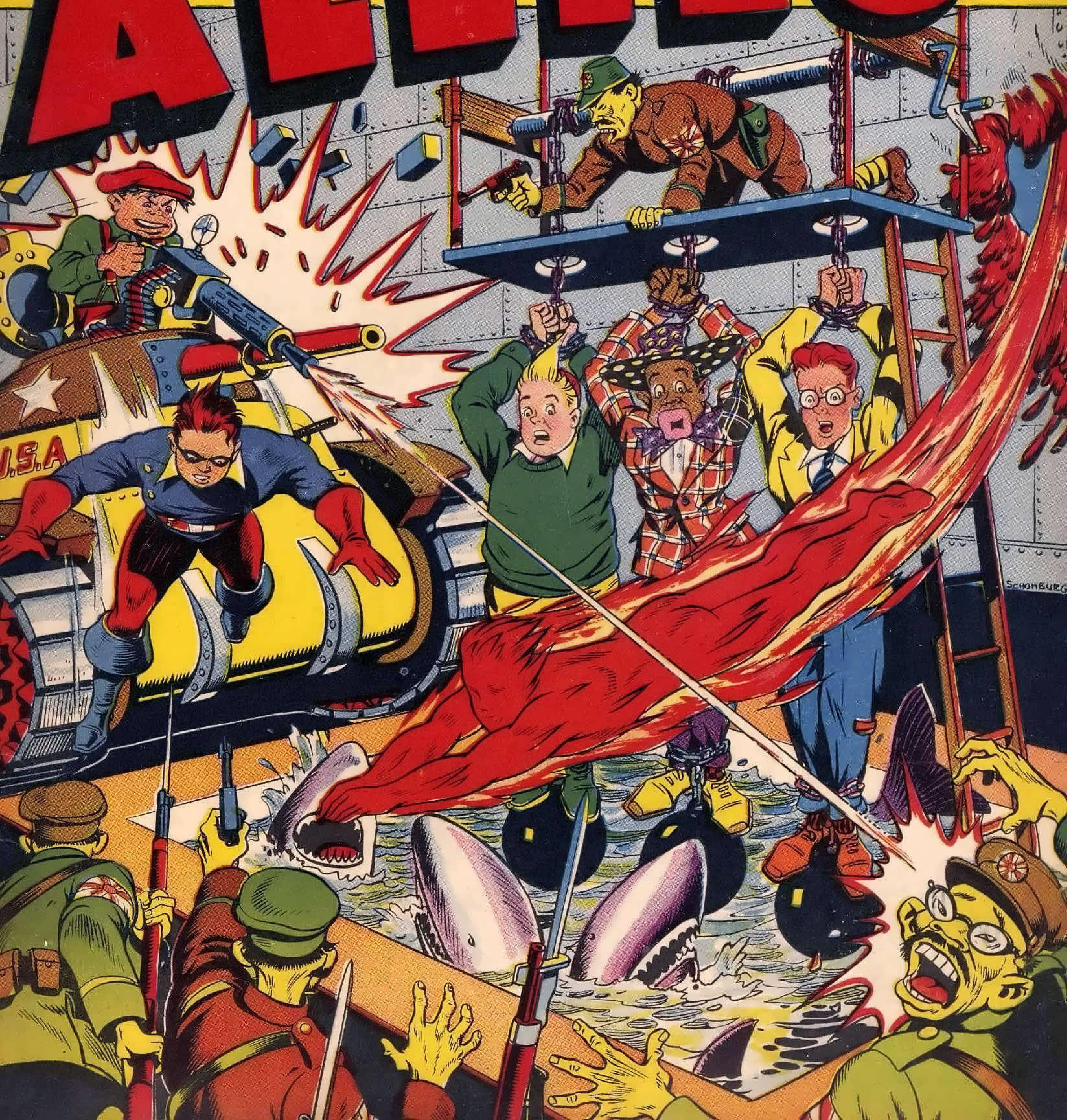
BUCKY AND TORO
IN

YOUNG ALLIES

NO. 8
JULY

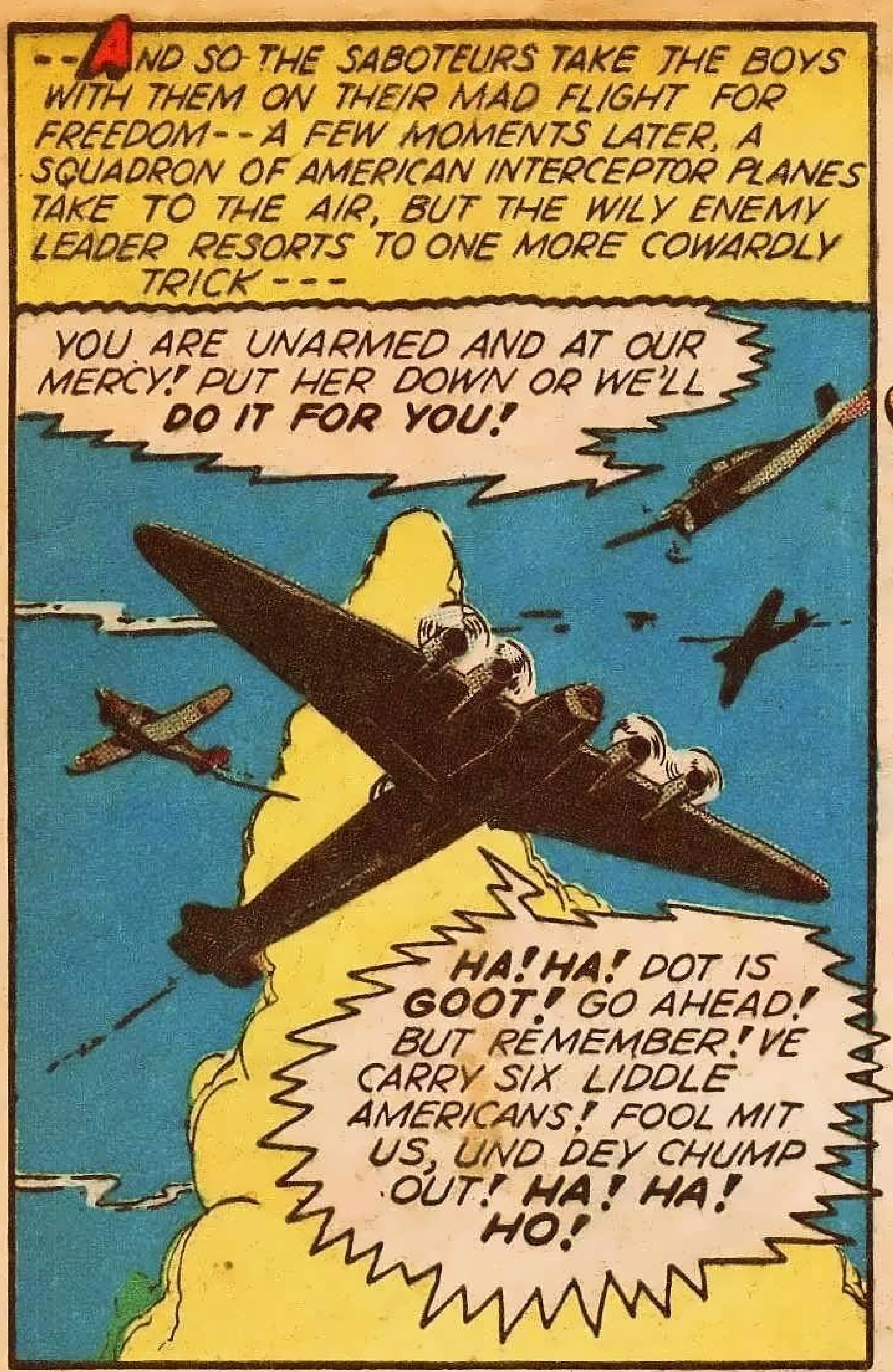
10¢

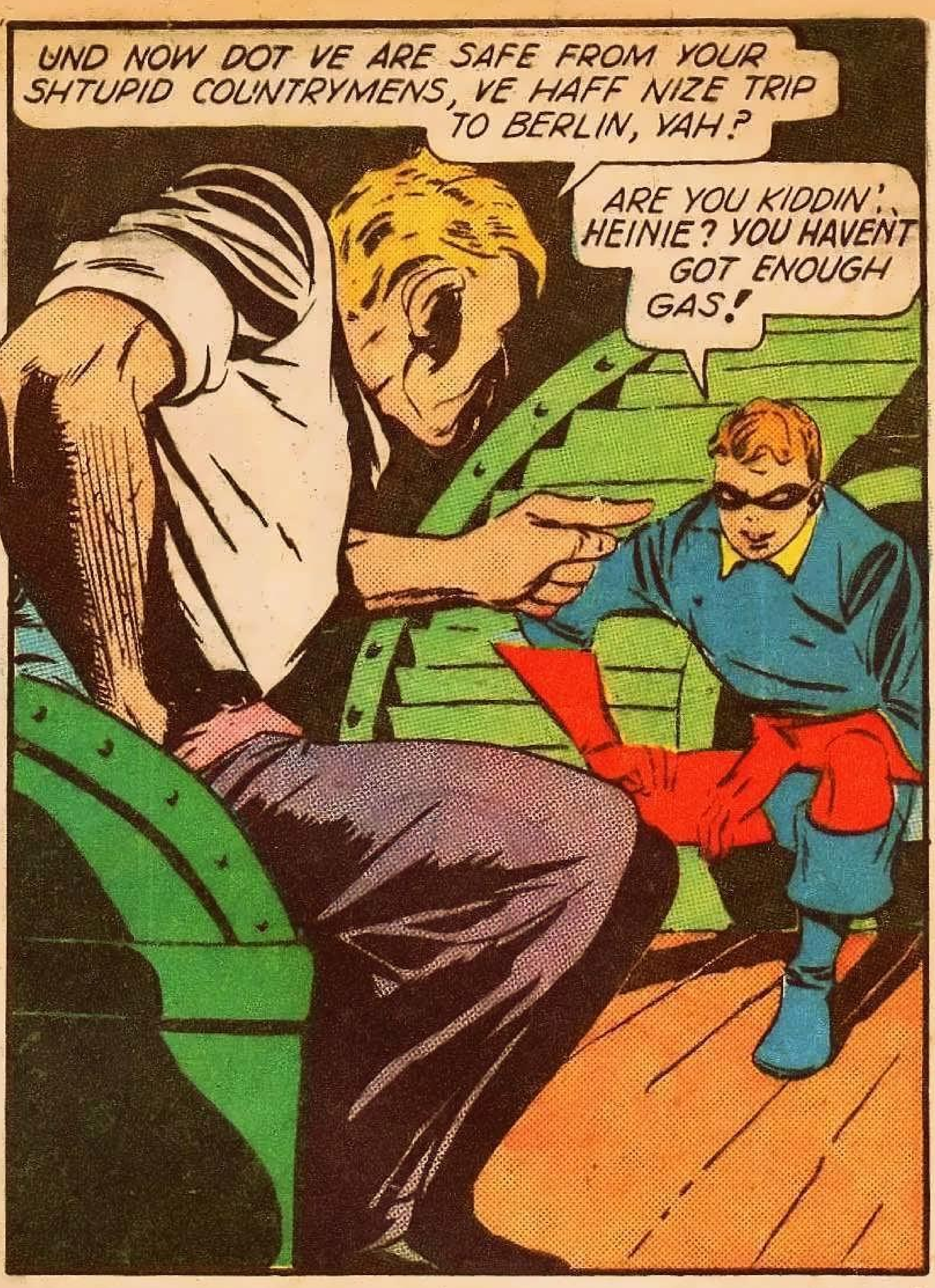

U.S.A
SCHOMBURG

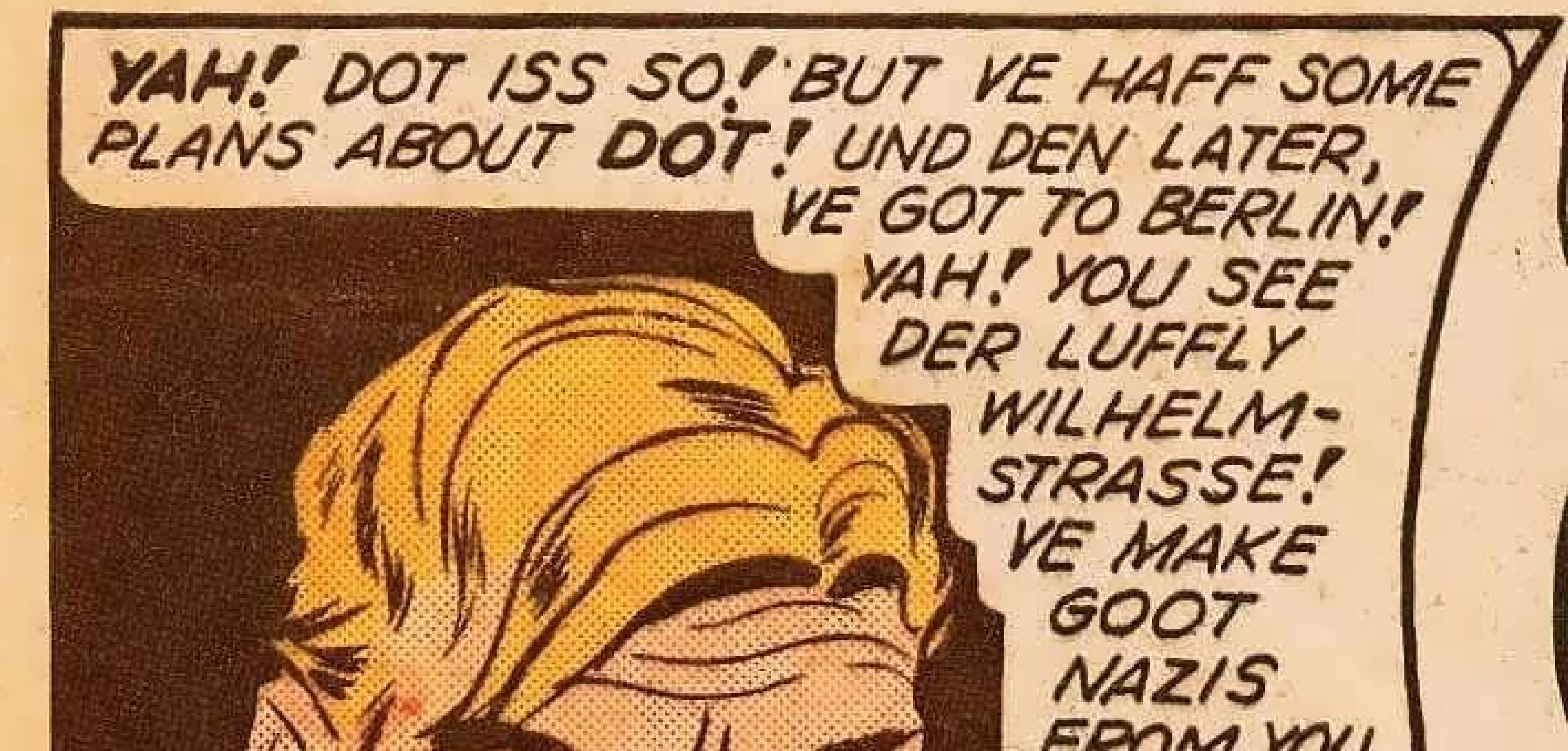
YOUNG ALLIES
Chapter I
NORTH AFRICA-- Ahoy!
The YOUNG ALLIES STRIKE A BLOW FOR FREEDOM!! THE SHACKLES ARE STRUCK FROM THE YOKE OF AN ENSLAVED PEOPLE-- ---ANOTHER IN THE RELENTLESS PARADE OF UNITED NATIONS VICTORIES AGAINST THE HIDEOUS MAD MONSTERS OF BERLIN, ROME AND TOKIO!

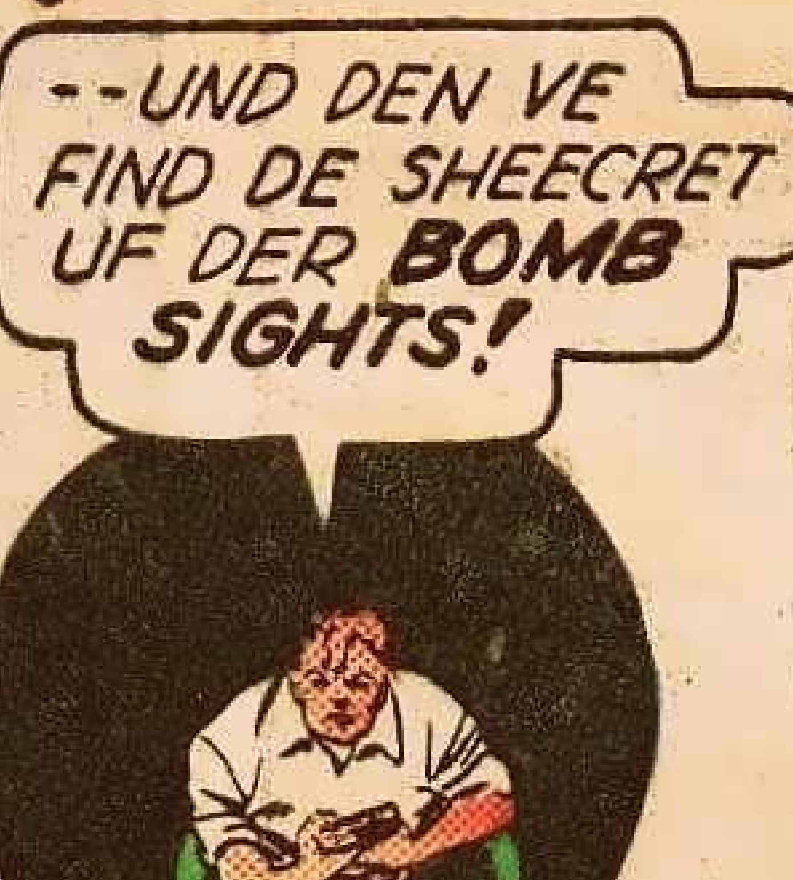
THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY IS A BABBLE OF VOICES AS A LONE FIGURE APPROACHES---
WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE AIRFIELD! IF WHITEWASH DOESN'T GET HERE SOON---
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A HERO, JEFF?
AW--ALL I DID WAS TO BUILD A MODEL AIRPLANE! ANY OF YOU GUYS---
WE'LL WAIT FIVE MINUTES MORE
HEY, LOOK! AM I SEEIN' T'INGS?
GREAT DAY! IS IT REAL?
WHITEWASH REPORTIN'! AN' ALL READY FOR DE BAPTIZIN' OF DAT DERE BOMBER!
LATER--AT THE PRIVATE AIRFIELD OF A BOMBER PLANT--
----AND I WANT TO CONGRATULATE THE WINNER OF THE MODEL CONTEST, WHO WILL CHRISTEN THE NEW "DESERT BOMBER" READY TO BE FERRIED TO OUR FORCES IN EGYPT!
BUT SABOTAGE IS READY TO STRIKE!
SOON AS DER MOTOR SHTARTS, VE GIFF DER SIGNAL, YAH?
YAH!
SUDDENLY--THE TWO SPIES RUSH TOWARD THE PLATFORM!
OUT OF DER WAY, YANKEE PIG!
DEY'S SABATOURS! DEY GOT GUNS!
HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

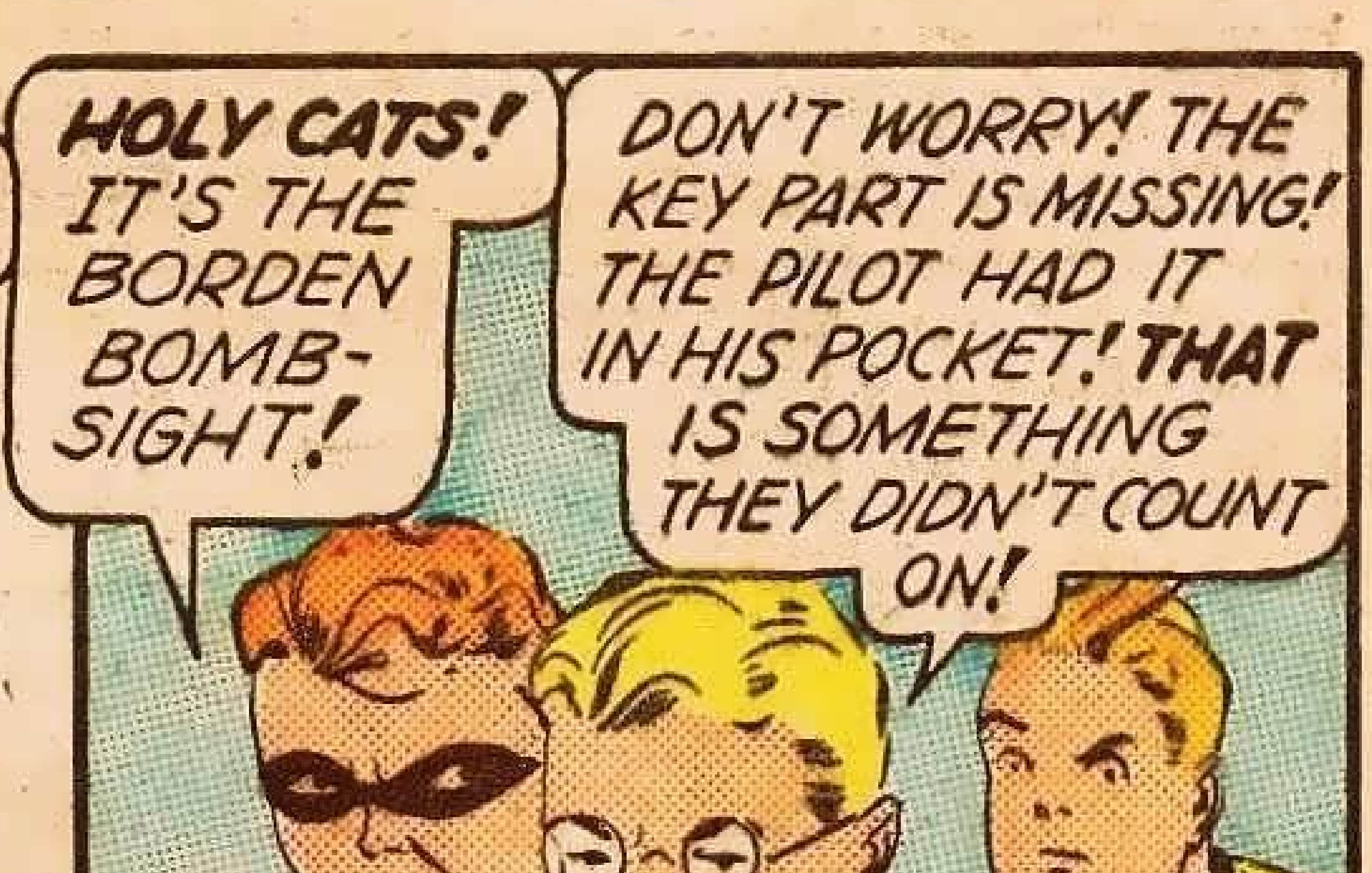
ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE AS THE SABOTEURS, IN SPITE OF A WELL-ORGANIZED ATTACK, ARE BEING BEATEN BACK BY THE WORKERS AND THE **YOUNG ALLIES!**
THE LEADER OF THE SABOTEURS GRABS BUCKY USING HIM AS A SHIELD....
VELL! VY DON'T YOU SHOOT?
DON'T LET THIS RATZI BLUFF YOU! GO AHEAD-- **SHOOT!**
YOU DIRTY COWARD! USING A **KID** TO SAVE YOUR ROTTEN NECK!
DON'T MIND ME! LET HIM HAVE IT!
HO! HO! DE DEMOCRATIN ETHICS DO NOT PERMIT THEM TO KILL CHILDREN! **MEN!** GRAB DOSE BOYS UND USE DEM AS SHIELDS VILE VE **ESCAPE!**
THE COWARDLY ENEMY BACKS TOWARD THE PLANE, PROTECTED FROM THREATENING GUNS BY SIX HUMAN SHIELDS....
DON'T SHOOT! YOU'LL HIT THE KIDS!
YA! DOT IS VISE! UND VE TAKE DEM VID US! HA! DEY VILL PROTECT US--YAH?

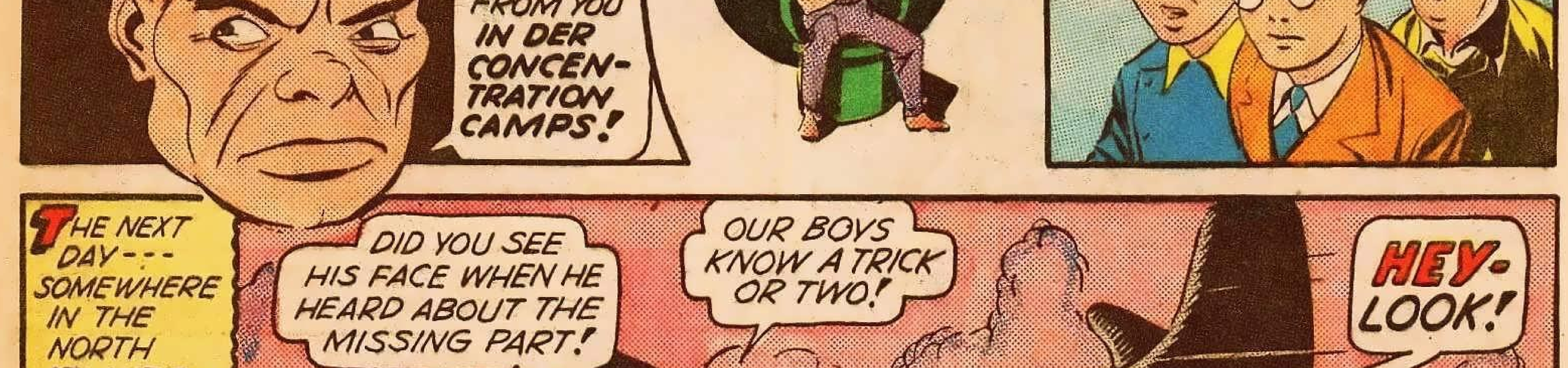

--AND SO THE SABOTEURS TAKE THE BOYS WITH THEM ON THEIR MAD FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM--A FEW MOMENTS LATER, A SQUADRON OF AMERICAN INTERCEPTOR PLANES TAKE TO THE AIR, BUT THE WILY ENEMY LEADER RESORTS TO ONE MORE COWARDLY TRICK---
YOU ARE UNARMED AND AT OUR MERCY! PUT HER DOWN OR WE'LL **DO IT FOR YOU!**
HA! HA! DOT IS **GOOT!** GO AHEAD! BUT REMEMBER! VE CARRY SIX LIDDLE AMERICANS! FOOL MIT US, UND DEY CHUMP OUT! **HA! HA! HO!**


UND NOW DOT VE ARE SAFE FROM YOUR SHTUPID COUNTRYMENS, VE HAFF NIZE TRIP TO BERLIN, YAH?
ARE YOU KIDDIN', HEINIE? YOU HAVENT GOT ENOUGH GAS!


YAH! DOT ISS SO! BUT VE HAFF SOME PLANS ABOUT **DOT!** UND DEN LATER, VE GOT TO BERLIN! YAH! YOU SEE DER LUFFLY WILHELMSTRASSE! VE MAKE GOOT NAZIS FROM YOU **IN DER CONCENTRATION CAMPS!**

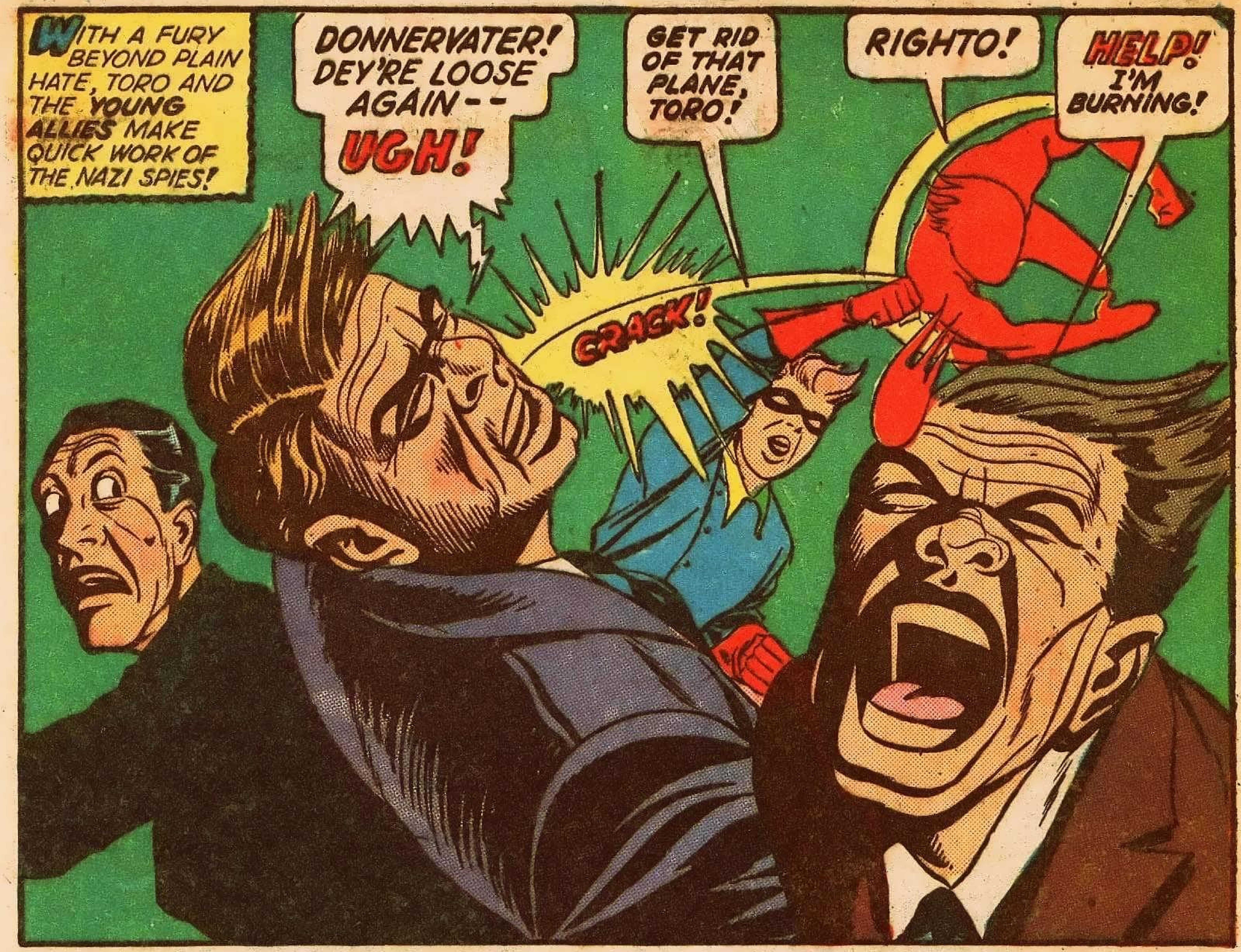

--UND DEN VE FIND DE SHEECRET UF DER **BOMB SIGHTS!**

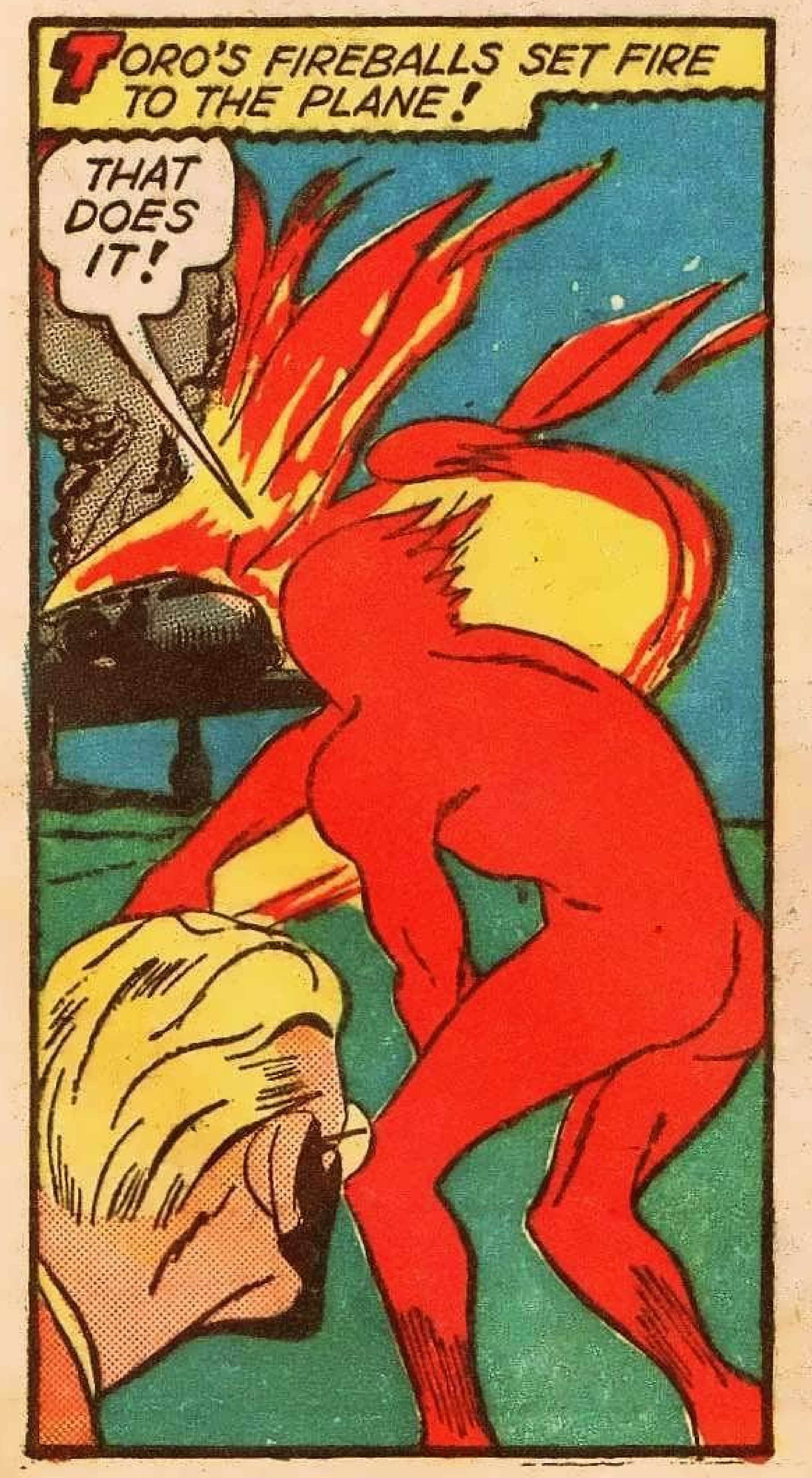

HOLY CATS! IT'S THE BORDEN BOMBSIGHT!
DON'T WORRY! THE KEY PART IS MISSING! THE PILOT HAD IT IN HIS POCKET! **THAT** IS SOMETHING THEY DIDN'T COUNT ON!

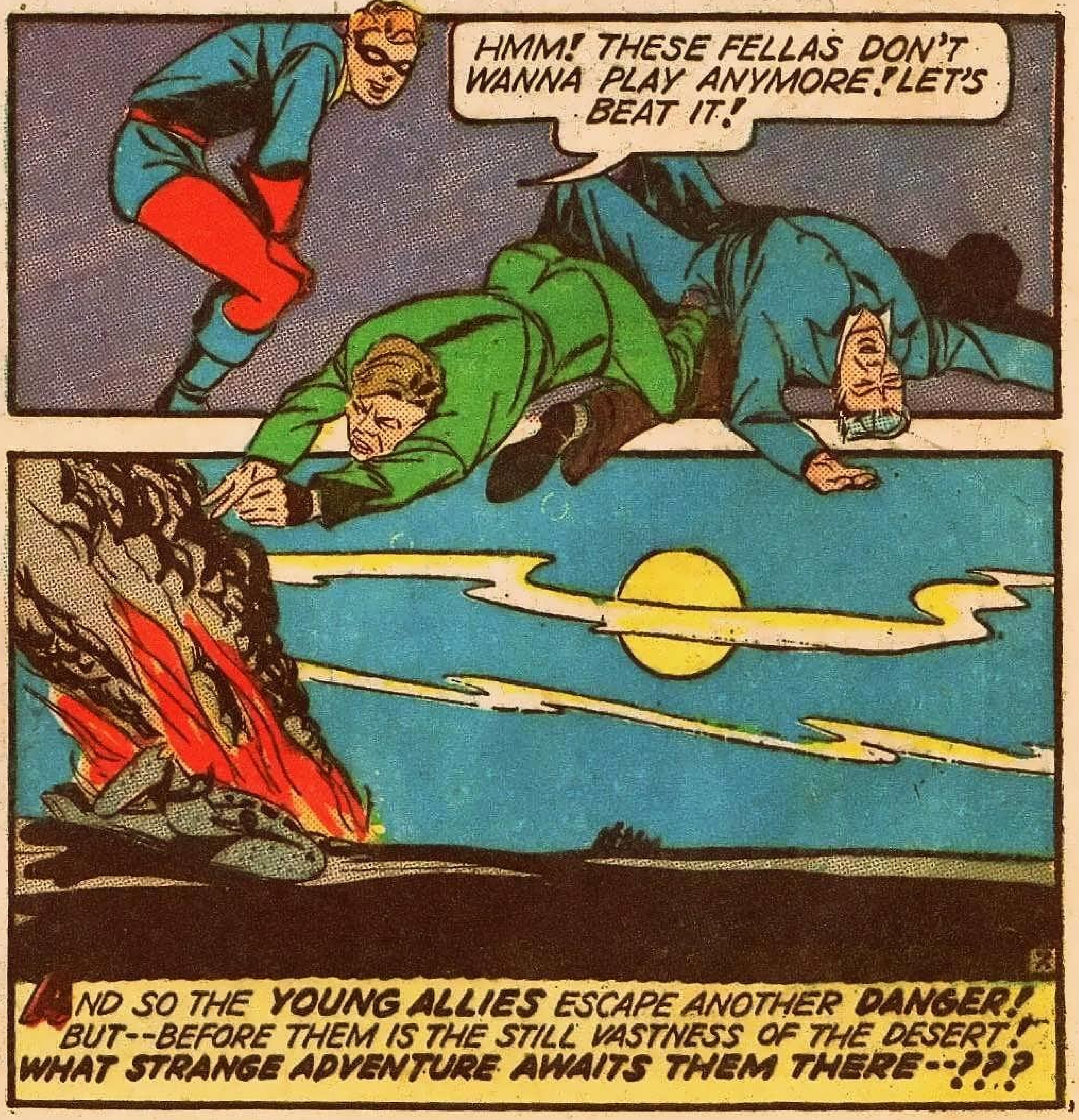

THE NEXT DAY--- SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC--
DID YOU SEE HIS FACE WHEN HE HEARD ABOUT THE MISSING PART!
OUR BOYS KNOW A TRICK OR TWO!
HEY- LOOK!
BUT WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY WHAT THEY HAVE!

THE NAZIS ON THE BOMBER STARE DOWN IN TERROR, AND OUR YOUNG ALLIES SWELL WITH PRIDE AT THE AWE-INSPIRING SIGHT OF THE GREATEST ARMADA EVER ASSEMBLED IN THE HISTORY OF WARFARE --- THE ALLIED FLEET NEARING NORTH AFRICA!
DER INVASION FLEET! VE MUST VARN BERLIN!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THOSE FOR APPLES, MR. SUPER-RACE!
AND THAT'S ONLY A SAMPLE!
YOWEEE! THE SECOND FRONT!
HALLO! HALLO! BERLIN! HALLO! CAPTAIN SCHLACHT CALLING! HALLO BERLIN!
DUMBKOPH! AISEL! VAST ISS LOSS?!
YOU GET THAT RADIO, JEFF!
OKAY!
26-31-69-SHIFT!
THE BOYS COME OUT OF THEIR HUDDLE WITH FISTS FLYING--- SWEEPING THE ENEMY OFF ITS FEET WITH THE FURY OF THEIR ATTACK!
CAPTAIN SCHLATCHT, EH? MEET MR. ONE--TWO!
IT'S A GOOD THING FOR YOU I'M NOT MAD!

BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS, THE BOYS ARE OVERPOWERED BUT NOT BEFORE DESTROYING THE RADIO--
BOY! YOU'RE SOME HERO!
AH--DA TOUGH GUY'S CRYIN' CAUSE WE BUSTED HIS RADIO!
SMACK!
SO! YOU TRY TO MAKE A FOOL UFF ME, YAH?
LATER---THE PLANE IS OVER THE AFRICAN DESERT.....
HERR CAPTAIN! DER MOTOR, ONE STOPPED!
FERFLUCHTE SCHWEINHUNDT! IT ISS DER GAS TANK ISS EMPTY! BUT HOW? WHY?
AND SO THE ESCAPE IS CUT SHORT AS THE PLANE DOES A FORCED LANDING ON THE HOT SANDS OF THE DESERT.....
THAT NIGHT UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE DESERT MOON---
YOU! MIT YOUR SLOPPY SHOOTING!- VERDAMTE DUMKOPF- YOU SHOT A WOLE IN DER TANK AND NOW VE HAF NO BLANE!
BZZZZ-- BZZZZ--
HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS, FELLOWS! HERE WE GO!
HOW ABOUT IT, TORO? ARE YOU GOING TO TURN ON THE HEAT?
IN A FEW SECONDS, TORO FREES HIS PALS-- AND---
YA-HOO!

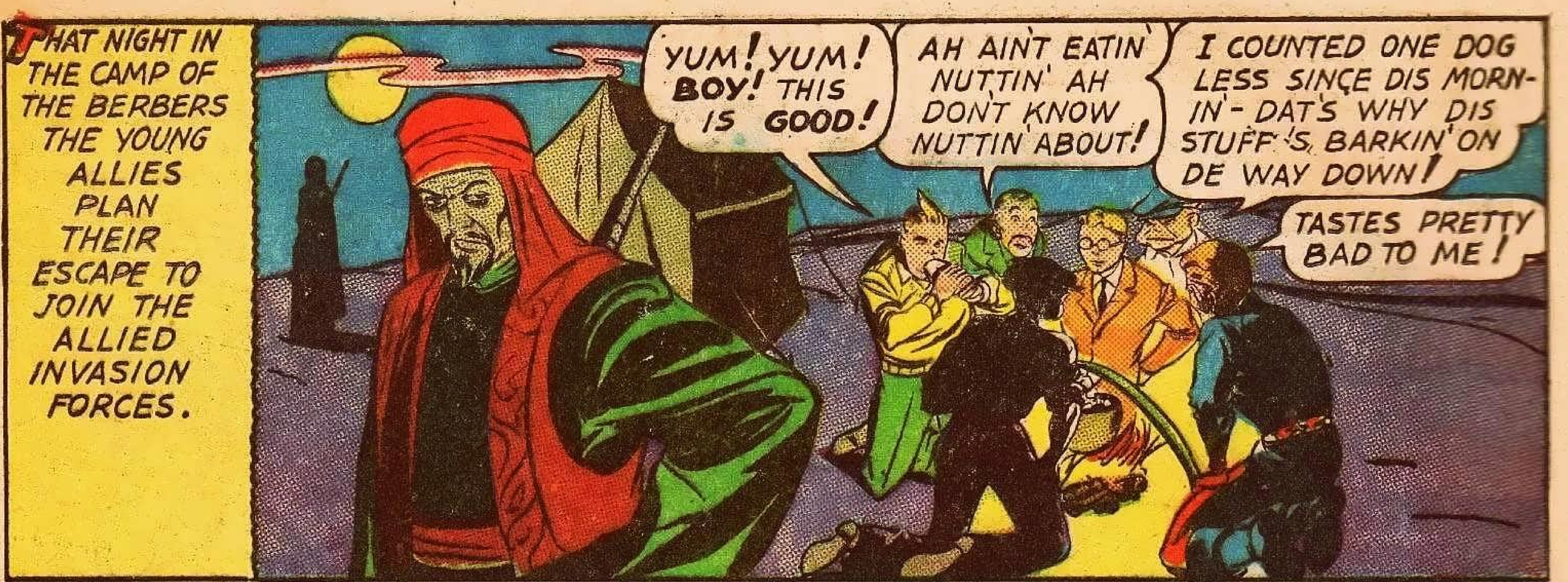

WITH A FURY BEYOND PLAIN HATE, TORO AND THE YOUNG ALLIES MAKE QUICK WORK OF THE NAZI SPIES!
DONNERVATER! DEY'RE LOOSE AGAIN-- UGH!
GET RID OF THAT PLANE, TORO!
RIGHTO!
HELP! I'M BURNING!
CRACK!

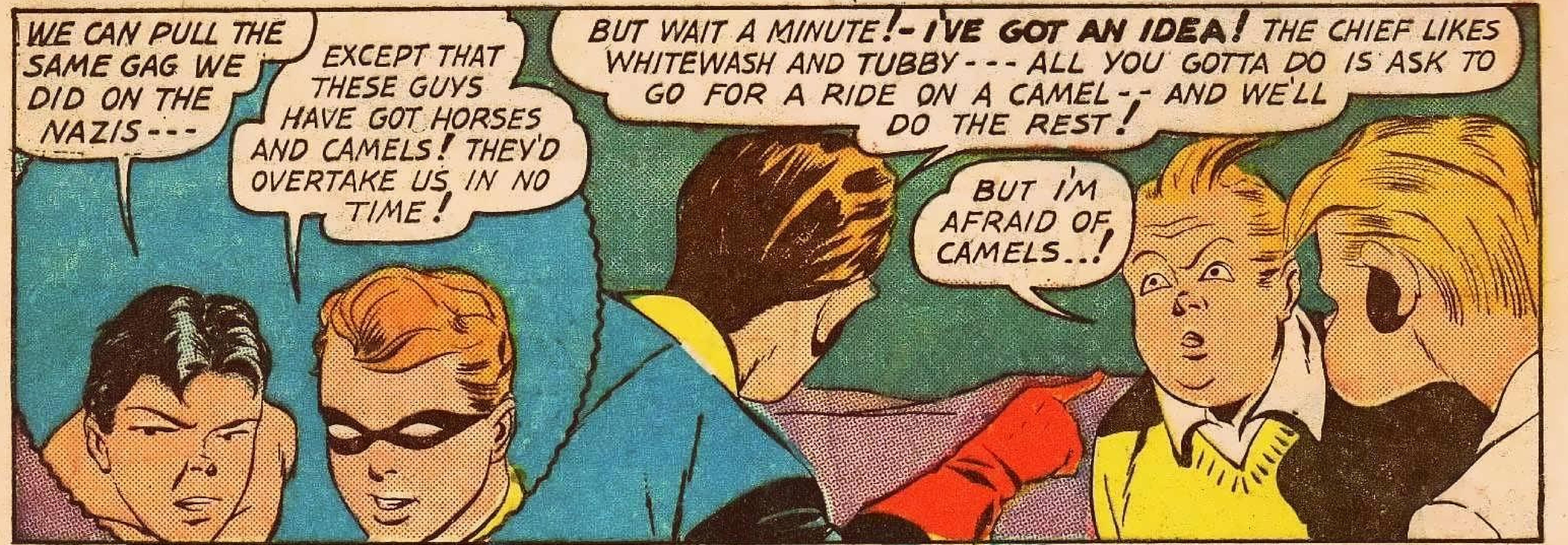

TORO'S FIREBALLS SET FIRE TO THE PLANE!
THAT DOES IT!

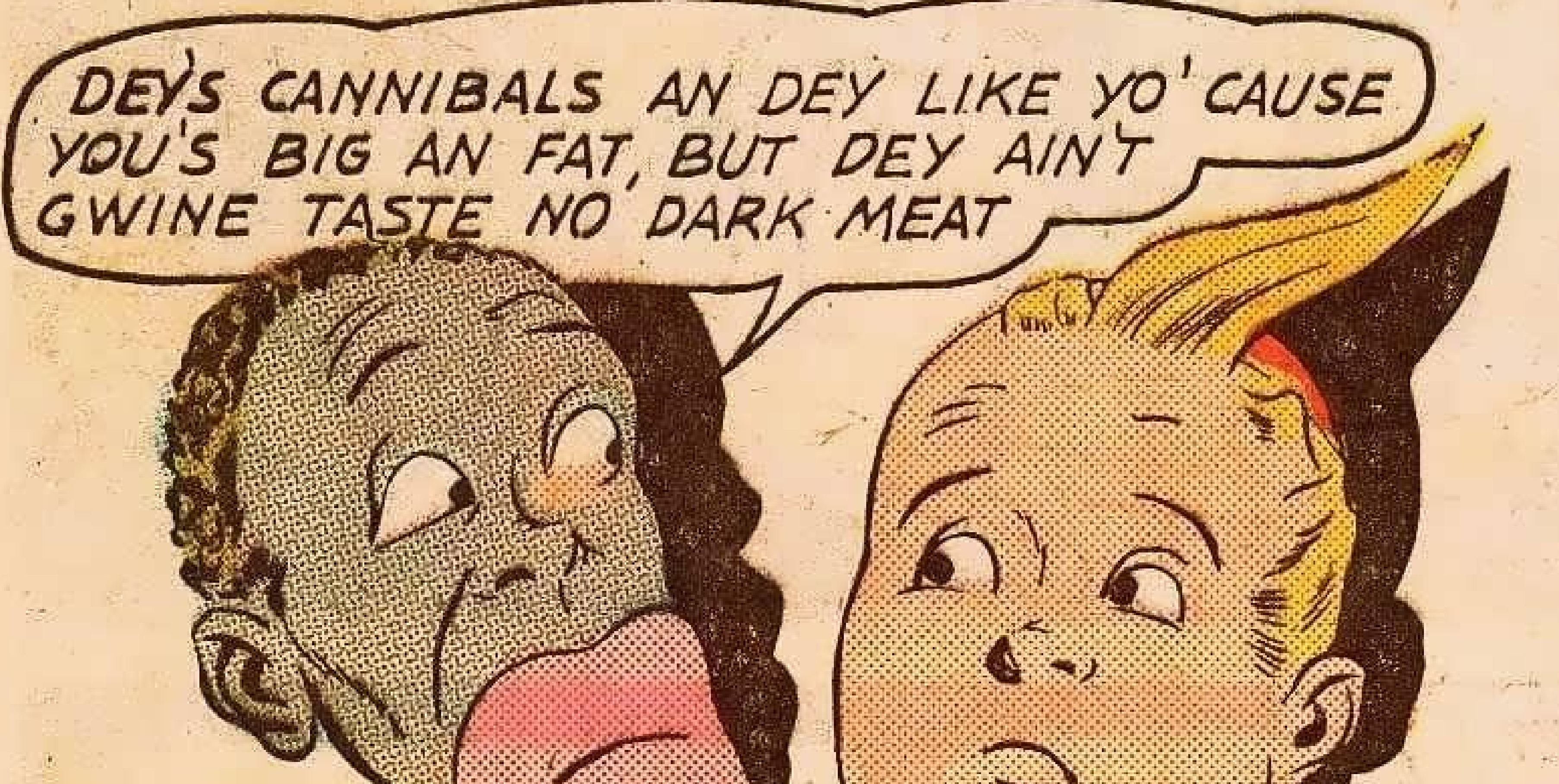

HMM! THESE FELLAS DON'T WANNA PLAY ANYMORE! LET'S BEAT IT!
AND SO THE YOUNG ALLIES ESCAPE ANOTHER DANGER! BUT--BEFORE THEM IS THE STILL VASTNESS OF THE DESERT! WHAT STRANGE ADVENTURE AWAITS THEM THERE--???

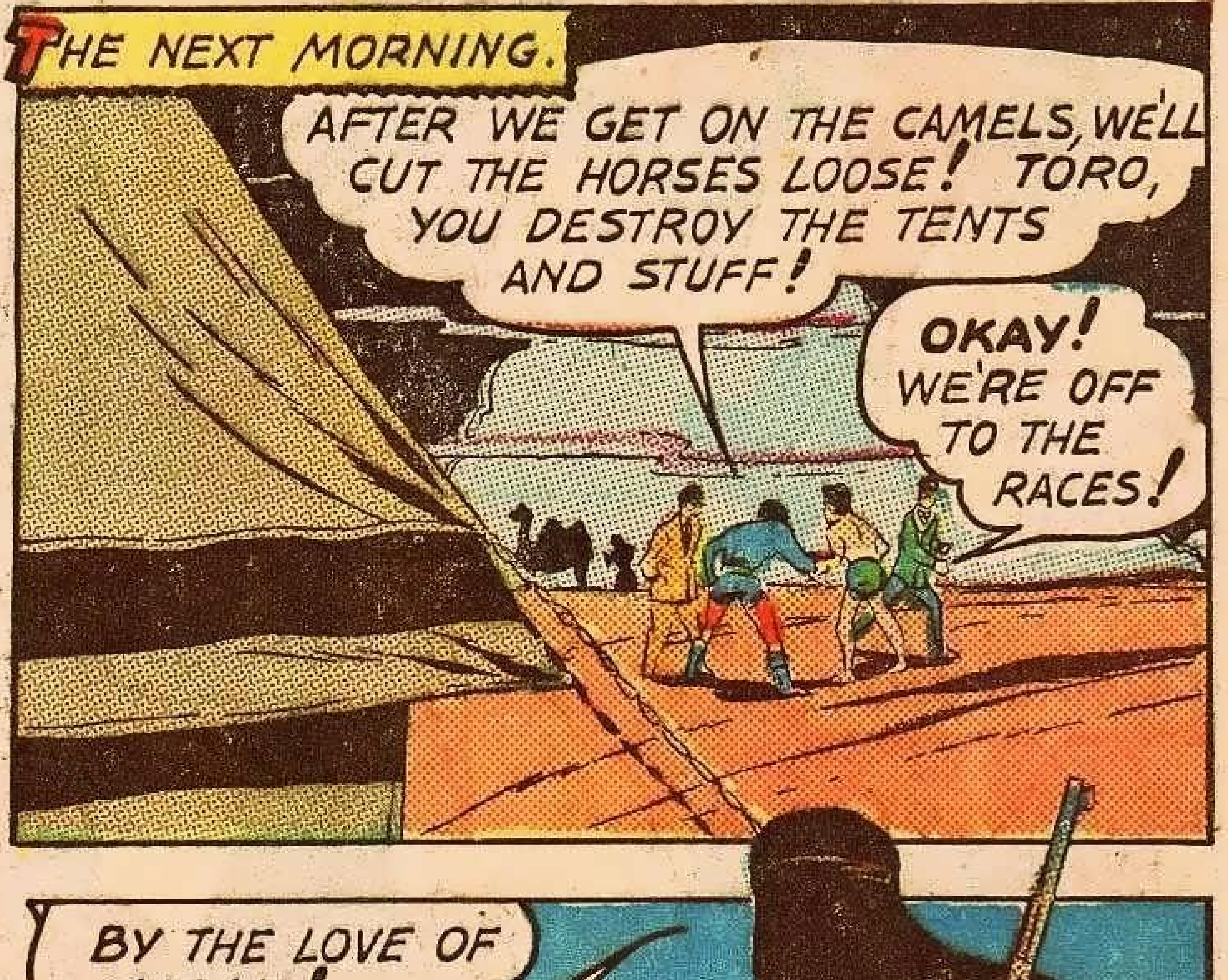
YOUNG ALLIES
BURNING, SEARING DAYS--! BITING COLD NIGHTS! THIRST! HUNGER, CRACKED SCORCHED LIPS MUMBLING FOR WATER! ATTACKED BY FIERCE DESERT TRIBESMEN! ENDLESS DAYS OF TORTURED WANDERING, AND OUR YOUNG ALLIES FINALLY REACH FRENCH NORTH AFRICA--TO FIND TREACHERY STRIKING AT THE BEWILDERED COLONIAL FRENCH EMPIRE!
Chapter II
THE SCOURGE OF THE DESERT

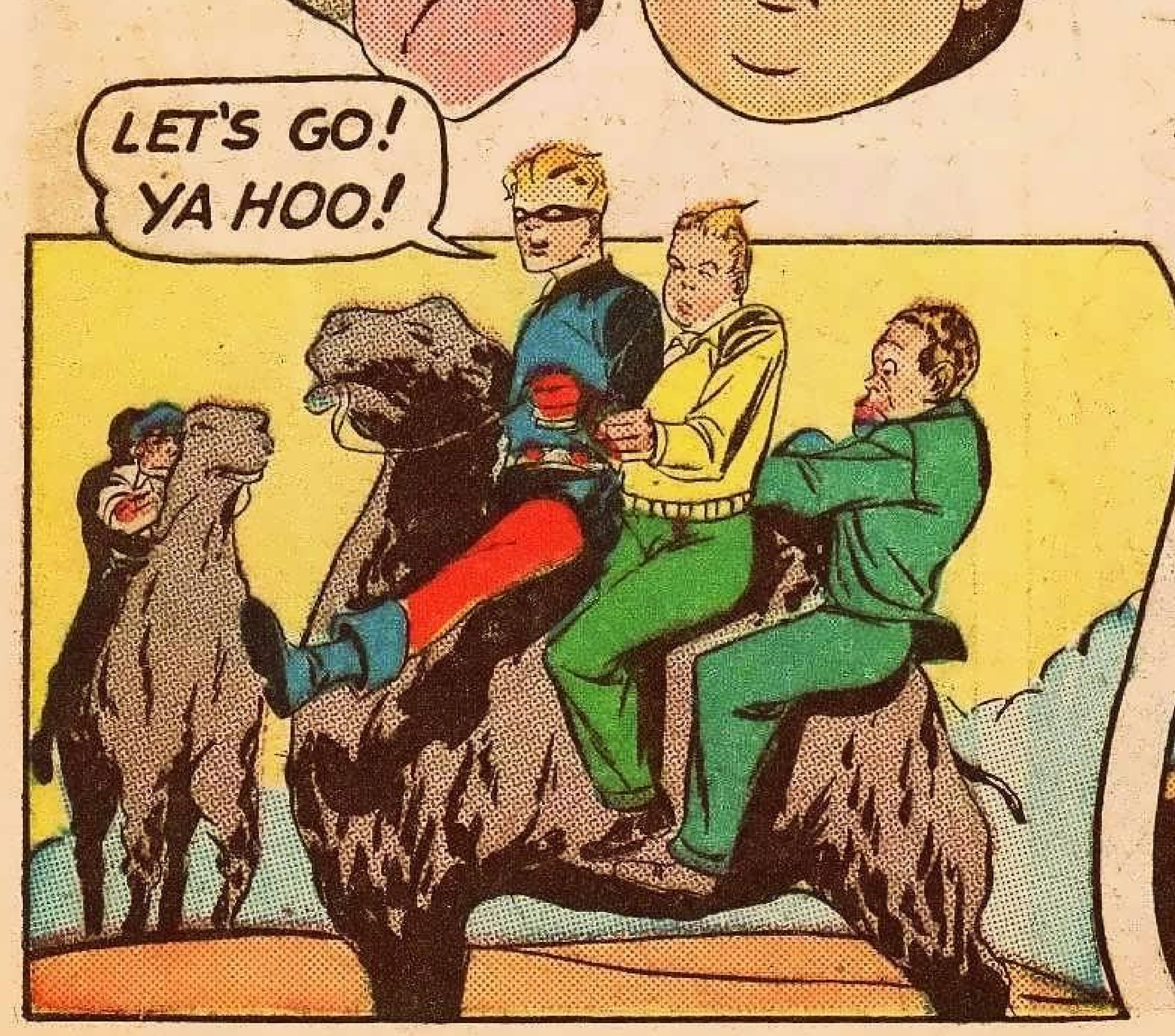
DAWN COMES--- AND SIX PAIRS OF WEARY FEET DRAG ALONG THE COLD DESERT SANDS ----
MAN! HOW LONG BEFORE WE GETS OUTTA DIS NOWWHERE?
HEY! LOOK A DERE!
THUNDERING TOWARD THE YOUNG ALLIES, COME THE BERBERS, DREADED SCOURGE OF THE DESERT!
AAAHEEEEEE!
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
SHO! BUT WHERE WE G'WINE!
BUT THE BOYS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE SWIFT HORSES AND THEY ARE SOON CAPTURED!
HEY! LEGGO!
YOU ARE BRAVE, INFIDEL DOGS! WE HAVE PLACE IN OUR TRIBE FOR THE COURAGEOUS!
BUT WE HAVE TO GET TO ALGIERS!
AH! HERE IS A TRUE SON OF ALLAH!
YOU IS M-MISTAKEN MISTAH! MAH PAPPY'S NAME IS LEANDER! N-N-NOT DIS HEAH ALLAH--!

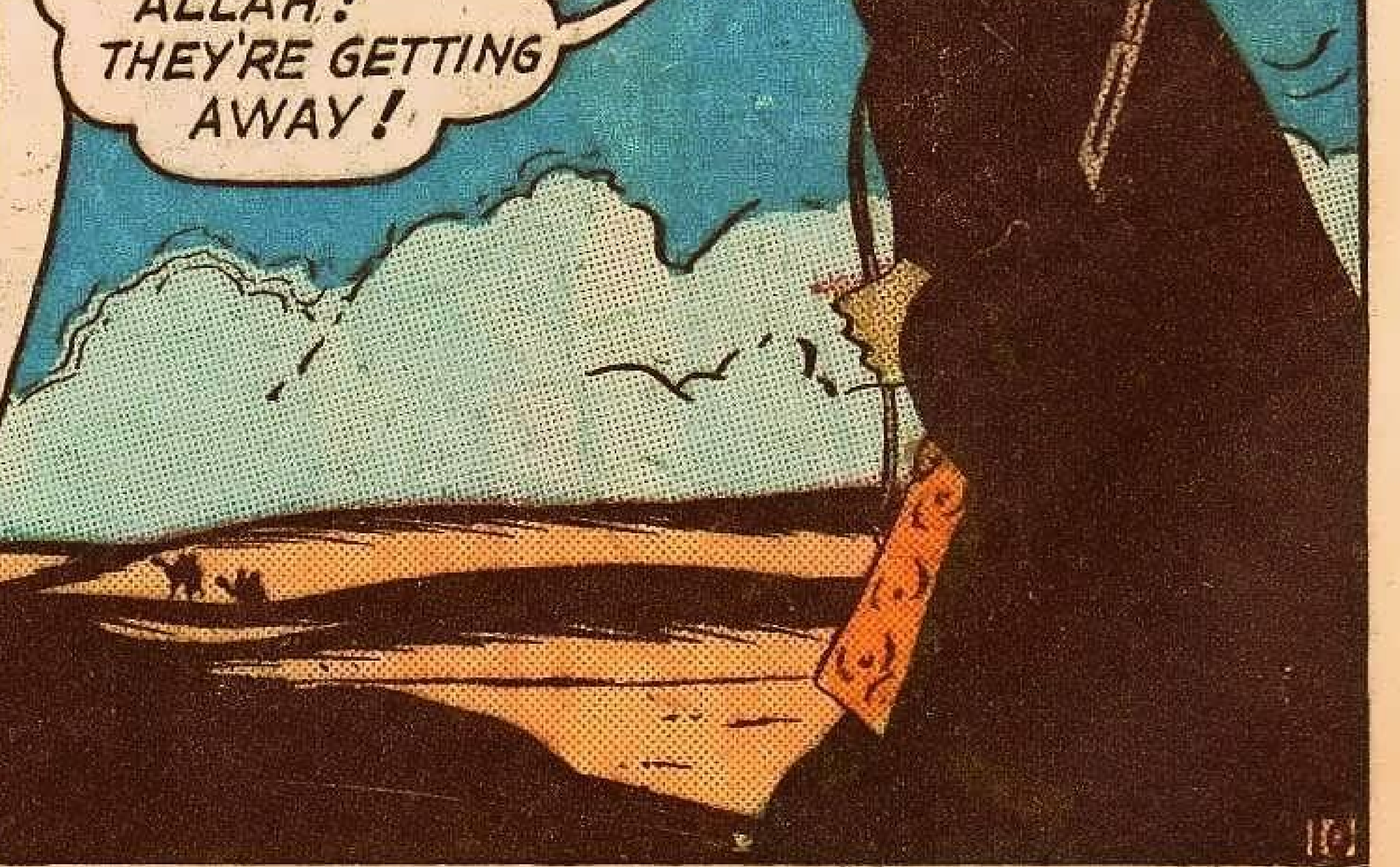

THAT NIGHT IN THE CAMP OF THE BERBERS THE YOUNG ALLIES PLAN THEIR ESCAPE TO JOIN THE ALLIED INVASION FORCES.
YUM! YUM! BOY! THIS IS GOOD!
AH AIN'T EATIN' NUTTIN' AH DON'T KNOW NUTTIN' ABOUT!
I COUNTED ONE DOG LESS SINCE DIS MORNIN' - DAT'S WHY DIS STUFF'S BARKIN' ON DE WAY DOWN!
TASTES PRETTY BAD TO ME!


WE CAN PULL THE SAME GAG WE DID ON THE NAZIS---
EXCEPT THAT THESE GUYS HAVE GOT HORSES AND CAMELS! THEY'D OVERTAKE US IN NO TIME!
BUT WAIT A MINUTE! - I'VE GOT AN IDEA! THE CHIEF LIKES WHITEWASH AND TUBBY--- ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS ASK TO GO FOR A RIDE ON A CAMEL-- AND WE'LL DO THE REST!
BUT I'M AFRAID OF CAMELS..!


DEY'S CANNIBALS AN DEY LIKE YO' CAUSE YOU'S BIG AN FAT, BUT DEY AIN'T GWINE TASTE NO DARK MEAT


THE NEXT MORNING.
AFTER WE GET ON THE CAMELS, WE'LL CUT THE HORSES LOOSE! TORO, YOU DESTROY THE TENTS AND STUFF!
OKAY! WE'RE OFF TO THE RACES!


LET'S GO! YA HOO!


BY THE LOVE OF ALLAH! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

WITH THE HORSES CUT LOOSE, THE BERBERS CANNOT CHASE THE BOYS AND THE **YOUNG ALLIES** MAKE THEIR ESCAPE---AFTER WEARY DAYS OF TRAVEL AND COUNTLESS HARDSHIPS, OUR BRAVE YOUNGSTERS REACH THE OUTSKIRTS OF ALGIERS ON THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN--
YIPPEE! WE MADE IT!
INSPIRING, ISN'T IT?
HEY! I SAW THAT IN A MOVIE ONCE!
YEAH! WITH CHARLES BOYER AND HEDY LAMARR!
AH WISH AH WAS BACK SEEIN' ONE 'STEAD OB LIVIN' DIS TRAVELOGUE!
THE **YOUNG ALLIES** ENTER ALGIERS EXPECTING TO FIND THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN POSSESSION--
SOMETHING'S WRONG! I DON'T SEE ANY OF OUR TROOPS!
TOLD YOU IT WAS FUNNY WE DIDN'T HEAR ANY GUN FIRE!
SUDDENLY THE BOYS ARE CONFRONTED BY TWO NAZIS---
OUT OF OUR WAY, YOU YOUNG SWINE!
HMMM!
YA-HOO!
NAZIS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!
VOT GIFFS?!!
WITH THE FURY OF A TORNADO, THE **YOUNG ALLIES** CHARGE INTO THE NAZI OFFICERS!
WE'LL GET OUT OF YOUR WAY- **RIGHT THRU YOU!**

FOR ONLY THOSE WHO KNOW THEY ARE IN THE RIGHT CAN FIGHT WITH THE TERRIFIC FURY THAT BRINGS ON VICTORY!
CHEESE IT! THE COPS!
POW!
GET INTO THAT MOVIE HOUSE! THEY'LL NEVER FIND US THERE!
THEATRE
INSIDE THE THEATER--
SACRE BLEU! WE MUST FIND ZE AMERICAINE BOYS!
OUI! OR WE GET PLENTY TROUBLE FROM ZE GERMAINE ARMISTICE COMMEESION--- FOR CERTAINMENT!
--A PICTURE OF HITLER IS FLASHED ON THE SCREEN AND THE BOYS RESPOND IN PROPER FASHION!
BR-A-A-A-CK!
PHOOEY!
G'WAN 'N CHEW RUGS!
BOOOH!

?
HEIL HITLER!
?
LIGHTS OUT FOR YOU, CHUM!
CRACK!
THERE THEY ARE! GET THEM!
BUT THE YOUNG ALLIES AGAIN PUT PLENTY OF DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM AND THEIR ENEMY!
LETS BEAT IT! THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN---!
YEAH! BESIDES THEY HAD NO CARTOON!
THE BOYS RUN INTO THE SQUARE, AND COME UPON THE MUEZZIN CALLING THE FAITHFUL TO PRAYER FROM THE MOSQUE--
ALLAH IS ALL POWERFUL---AND MOHAMET IS HIS PROPHET!
QUICK! SCATTER AMONG THE PRAYERS!
I DEMAND DER ARREST OFF DE AMERIKANER GANGSTERS! UND AT VUNCE!
BUT ZAT IS IMPOSS-EEBUL! TO DEESTURB ZE PRAYER--AH--NO! VE GET ZEM WHEN IT IS OV-AIRE!
LETS MAKE A RUN FOR THE CASBAH! THEY'LL NEVER TOUCH US THERE!
CASBAH? WHAT'S THAT?

C'MON! TAKE IT ON THE LAM!
DERE DEY GO! GET DEM! QUICK!
THE BOYS STREAK UP THE STAIRS OF THE CASBAH, LEGENDARY HAVEN OF SAINT AND SINNER, WHERE NO ONE CAN PURSUE THEM--THERE THEY SEE--
HEY, LOOK! ANNUDDER FRENCH COP!
YOU'RE WRONG, FELLAS! I'M AL BELL, BROOKLYN, U.S.A!
AN AMERICAN!
--BUT WHAT ARE YOU KIDS DOIN' SO FAR FROM HERE?
THAT'D TAKE A LONG TIME TO TELL--! YOU SEE--!
G'WAN! TELL HIM ABOUT DE INVASION! MAYBE HE COULD--
CONVINCED OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THEIR INFORMATION, AL DECIDES TO TAKE THE BOYS TO GEN. LEROUX OF THE UNDERGROUND!
OKAY--WE'LL SEE THE GENERAL TONIGHT! BUT DON'T GO SHOOTIN' OFF! THERE ARE A LOTTA RATS WITH LONG EARS AROUND HERE!
LATER, IN GEN. LEROUX'S QUARTERS-
SO YOU SEE THERE ARE MANY FRENCHMEN WHO ARE LOYAL TO WHAT ONCE WAS FRANCE! BUT, ALAS! MANY WHO WISH TO SEE HER DESTROYED! WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR THE ALLIED INVASION!
WE KNOW WELL HOW TO STRIKE FOR FREEDOM! WITH THE COMING OF THE INVASION, THERE SHALL BE NO RESISTANCE BY WE LOYAL FRENCHMEN ON AFRICAN SOIL!
LATER--IN THE CASBAH, THE HOUR HAS STRUCK! WORD HAS GONE FORTH THROUGH THE MYSTERIOUS CHANNELS OF THE UNDERGROUND THAT THE INVASION FORCE WILL ATTACK TONIGHT! BUT AS THE BOYS AWAIT THE SIGNAL, A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT COMES OVER THE AIR---
????
????
WHY--THE DOUBLE-CROSSING!
C'MON! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! WHAT GRAVE NEWS DO THE YOUNG ALLIES HEAR THAT ROUSE THEM TO FURY OF BLAZING ACTION?

YOUNG ALLIES

Chapter III

INVASION!

THE UNHOLY TRIO COWER IN ABJECT FEAR AS RETRIBUTION ENCIRCLES THE MAD FASCIST!! A RELENTLESS RING OF AVENGING FORCES SMASHES FOR ALL TIME THE MILITARIST EVIL THAT WOULD MASTER A FREE WORLD!

THE ALLIED NATIONS INVADE NORTH AFRICA! THAT VERY MOMENT, TWO OTHER GREAT INVASION FORCES ARE LANDING AT CASABLANCA AND AT ORAN--IN A GREAT THREE-PRONGED ATTACK!
RESIST! FRENCHMEN, RESIST! THE ENEMY HAS INVADED THE SACRED TERRITORY OF FRANCE! FIGHT TO THE DEATH! DRIVE THE INVADER BACK TO THE SEA!
BLAZING WITH ANGER AT WHAT THEY HEARD OVER THE RADIO, THE YOUNG ALLIES RACE FOR THE DETERMINED TO STOP THE TREACHEROUS GENERAL LEROUX!
C'MON! WE'LL STOP THAT RAT!
TOO LATE! THERE GO THE GUNS OF THE FORT!
THAT VOICE SOUNDED FUNNY TO ME!
POWAHFUL LOT O' FIRIN' GWINE ON FOH DAT NO RESISTANCE STUFF!
BET THE MARINES HAVE LANDED! THAT'S WHY!
SO THAT'S IT--NAZIS!
I KNEW IT WASN'T THE GENERAL'S VOICE--HE MUST BE A PRISONER!
WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?
RADIO

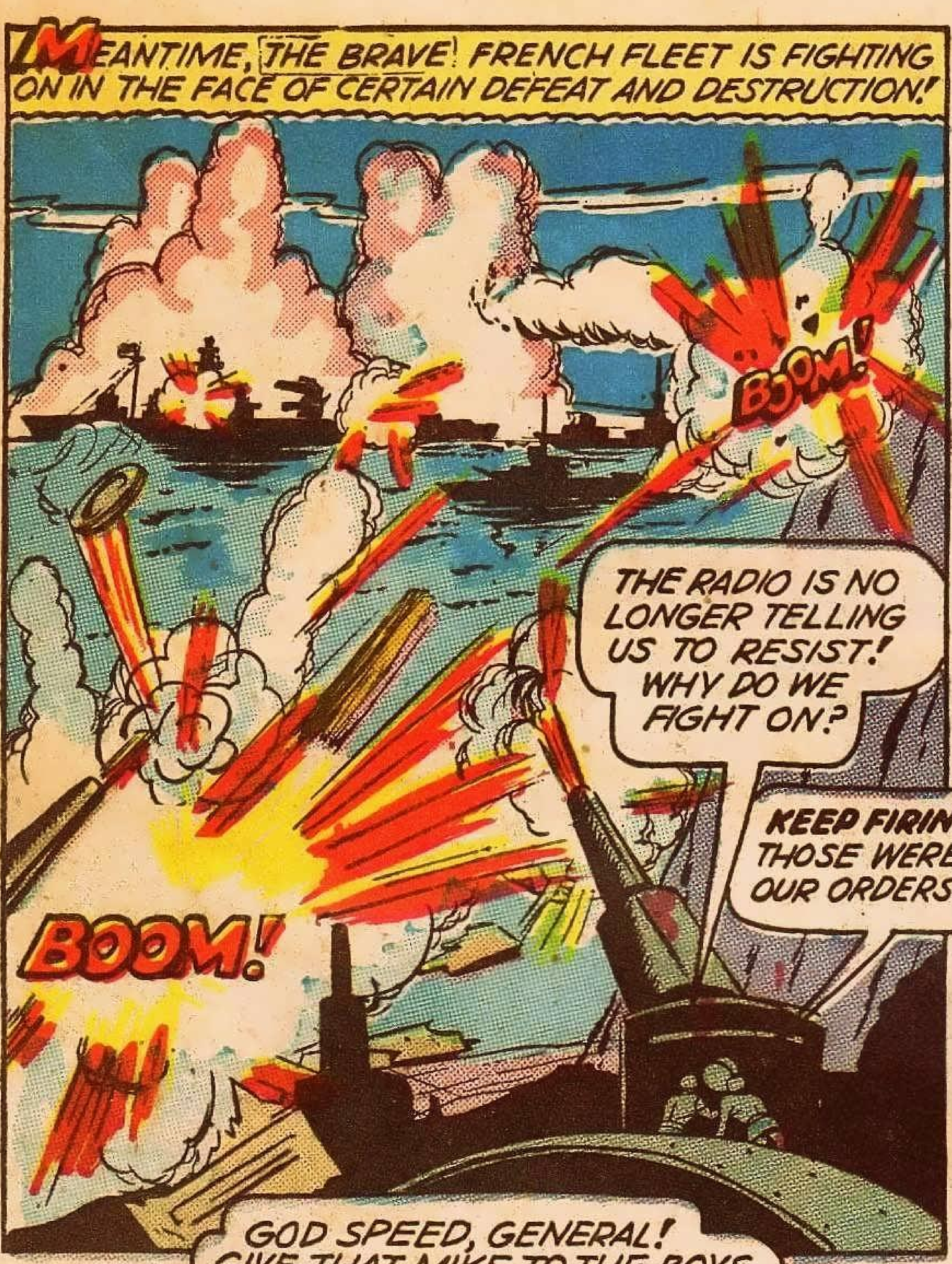
TORO, YOU AND THE REST RUSH THE DOOR AS SOON AS KNUCKLES AND I DROP FROM THE BALCONY!
AW! WHY CAN'T KNUCKLES AND I BE HERE WITH--
THIS IS NO TIME FOR THAT, TORO!
IN A FEW SECONDS, BUCKY AND KNUCKLES ARE POISED ON THE BALCONY ABOVE THE SENTRY---
OKAY, KNUCKLES! ONE--TWO---
DOWN ONTO THE HEAD OF THE UNSUSPECTING NAZI CRASH OUR TWO DARING ALLIES!
GRAB THE GUN, KNUCKES!
RIGHTO!
C'MON YOU RAT! INTO DE STUDIO!
ALL RIGHT--YOU DOGS! PUT 'EM UP!
DON'T SHTOP DER BROADCAST! SHOOT DER VERDAMTE YANKS! SHOOT!
BUT THE YOUNG ALLIES MEET FIRE WITH FIRE, AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY, THE NAZIS RETREAT BEFORE THE RELENTLESS FURY OF THE BRAVE AMERICAN BOYS!
YAHOO!

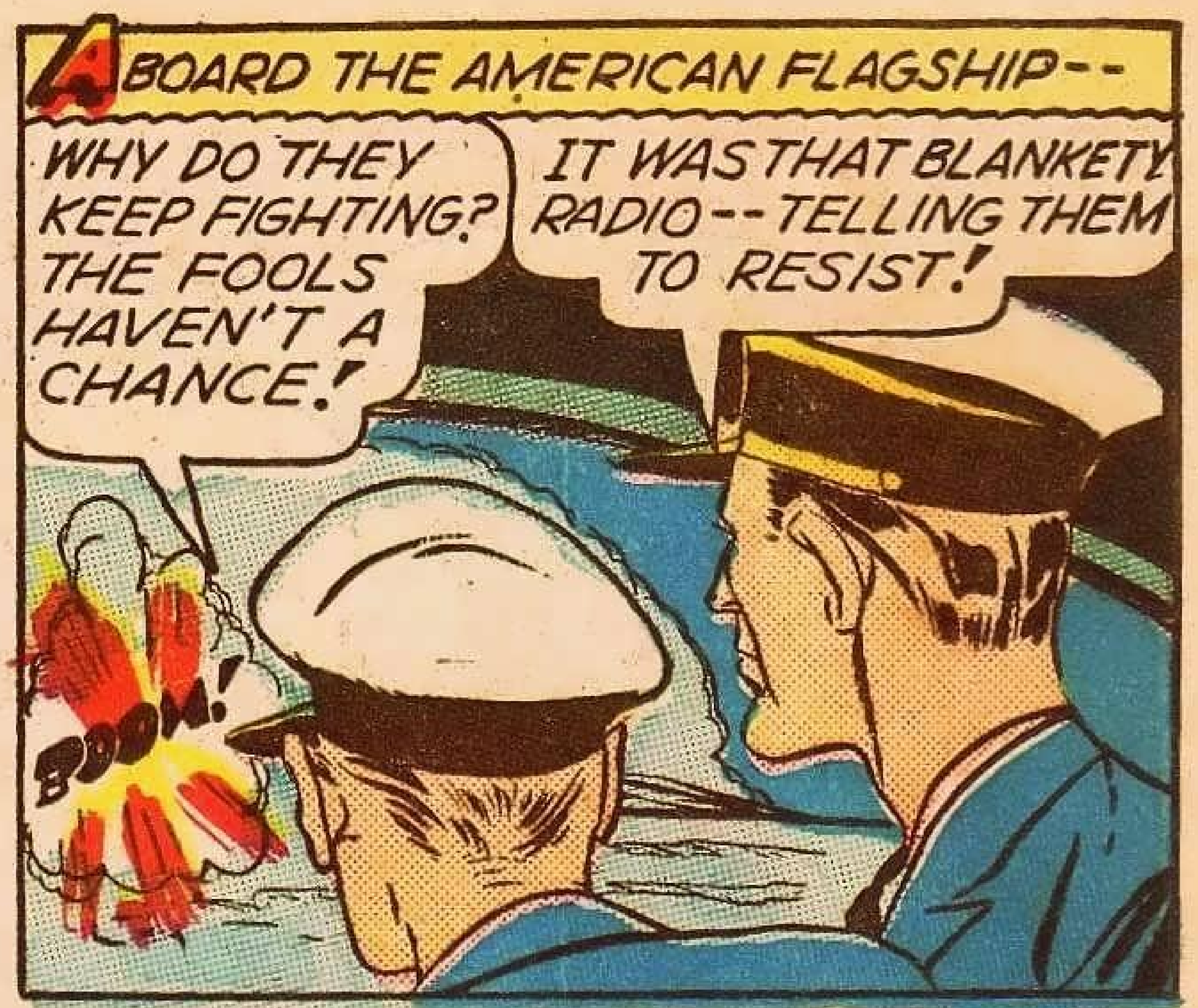
ONE ROUND OF MACHINE GUN SHELLS AND THE RADIO TRANSMITTER IS DESTROYED!
DAT DOES IT!
TAT! TAT! TAT! TAT!
THEN THE YOUNG ALLIES HEAD FOR THE FORT--
KNUCKLES--YOU AND WHITEWASH TALK TO THE GUARDS WHILE TORO AND I SNEAK UP ON 'EM!
NOW S'POSIN' DEY KINDA GOTTA NOTION T' PHONE DOWN DIS WAY--DEN WHAT?
LISSEN--DE FOIST TING DEY DO IN THE MOVIES IS CUT DE WIRES! SO---I DID IT!
DE JERNT LOOKS DESOITED!
MOST OF THE NAZIS WERE AT THE RADIO STATION--
AND THE FRENCH DON'T EXPECT ANY TROUBLE HERE ON LAND--THEY'RE DOWN AT THE HARBOR!
SAY, BUB, IS DERE A BUS STOP ON DIS CORNER?
WAS FAR EINE SCHMOOS--GIBT ESS HERE
SNEAKING UP BEHIND THE GUARDS, BUCKY JAMS THE GUN INTO THEIR BACKS!
KAMERAD!
ALL RIGHT! TAKE US TO GEN. LEROUX--AND QUICK!
THE BOYS MARCH THE GUARDS INTO THE COURTYARD OF THE FORT---
DROP YOUR GUNS--OR WE'LL LET THESE GUYS HAVE IT!
YAH! PLEASE DON'T SHOOT!
WE ARE AMERICANS! WE CAME FOR GEN. LEROUX!
FIRE! THEY ARE THE INVADERS!
OOH! LOOKY WHAT AH WENT 'N' DID!
BANG!

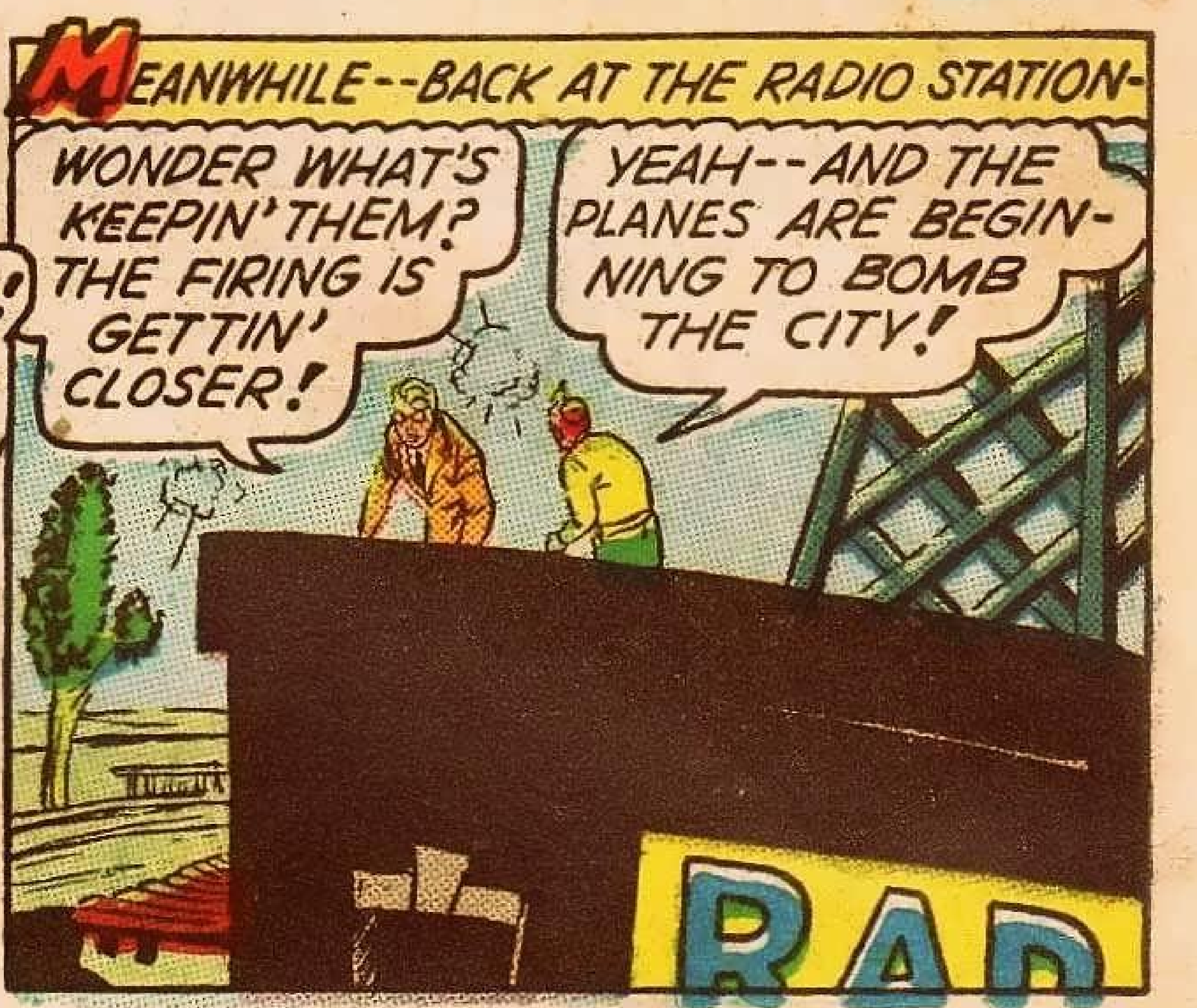
ME FRIEND--NO WANT FIGHT AMERICANS--HATE NAZIS-- WE HELP!
SWELL! THAT'S THE STUFF!
TELL YOUR MEN TO THROW DOWN THEIR GUNS AND TAKE US TO GEN. LEROUX!
IN A FEW MOMENTS--THE GENERAL IS FREED!
MERCI! MERCI! YOU ARE VERY BRAVE YOU AMERICAINES!
SKIP THE THANKS! WE HAVE TO GET YOU TO THE RADIO STATION!
HEY! WHAT ABOUT THE MIKE?
THE MIKE! DON'T YOU KNOW--WHAT THEY SPEAK INTO WHEN YOU BROADCAST---
ONE OF THOSE THINGS DAT LOOKS LIKE A FRYIN' PAN AND HOLES IN IT-- CATCH ON?
AH! OUI! ZE WIRELESS--YES?
--AND SO THE GENERAL TAKES THEM TO THE WIRELESS ROOM--
MON COMMANDANT! A COLUMN OF TROOPS IS APPROACHING!
HEY, LOOK! AN AMERICAN FLAG!
WHAT COOKS NOW? WHO ARE THEY?
I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT! ZEY ARE DUVAL'S TROOPS! HE IS A NAZI!
NO! WE JUST HAVE TO GET TO THE RADIO STATION! IT MEANS THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF OUR BOYS!
BUT THEY HAVE NO CHOICE AS THE ADVANCING NAZIS OPEN FIRE ON THE LOYAL FRENCH FORT!
BUCKY! YOU'RE HIT!
JUST MY ARM! LISTEN! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! IT'S A LONG CHANCE BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!
WHAT TRICK HAS THE BRAVE LEADER OF THE YOUNG ALLIES GOT UP HIS SLEEVE? WILL THEY BE IN TIME TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF BRAVE SOLDIERS?? BOTH SIDES FIGHTING FURIOUSLY--INNOCENT VICTIMS OF TREACHERY!!

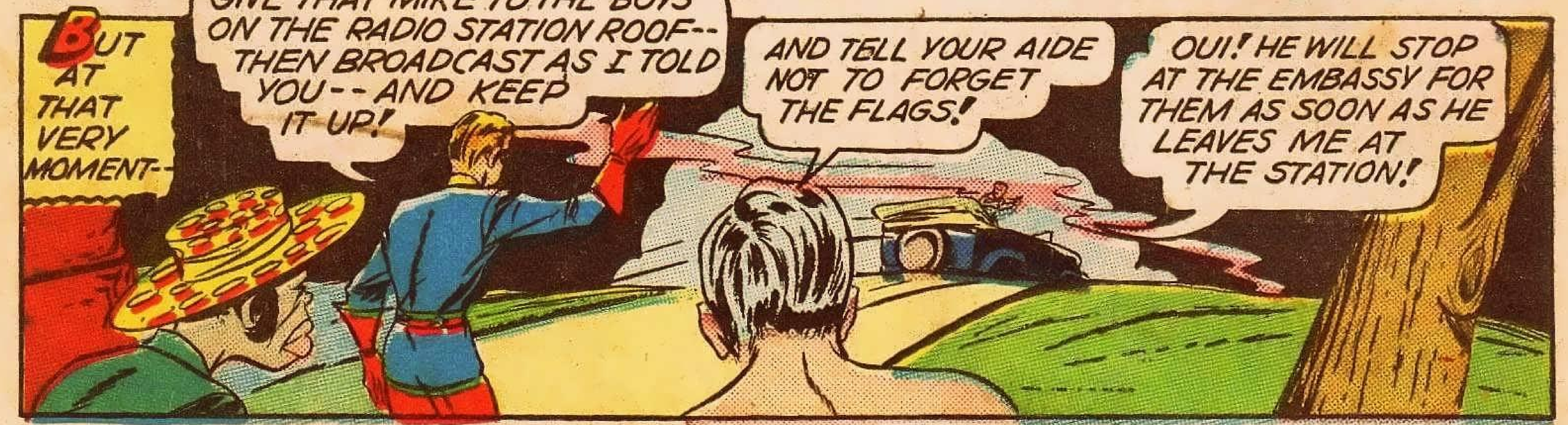
YOUNG ALLIES
Chapter IV
THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE!

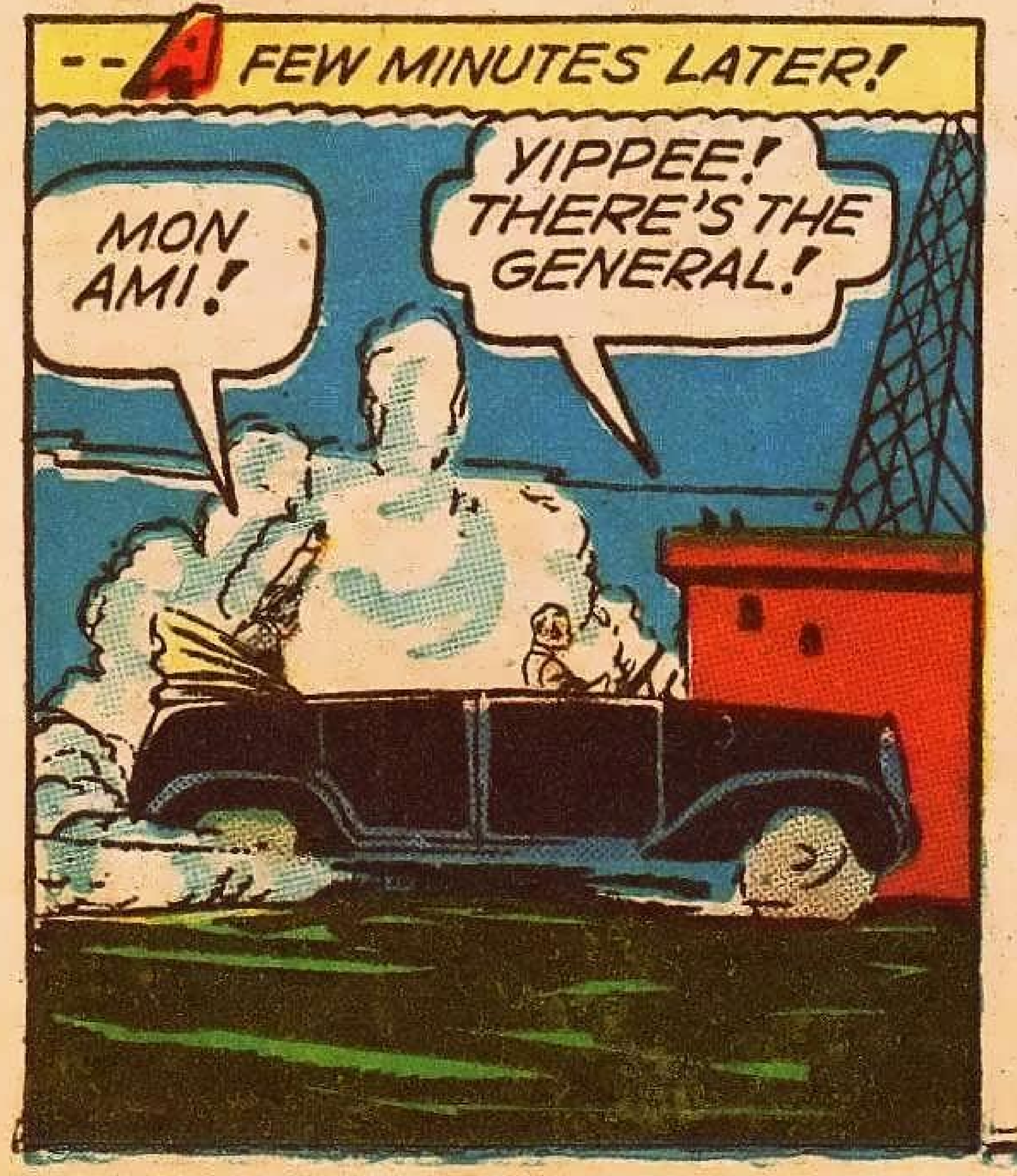
C'MON, BOYS! THERE ARE FRENCHMEN OUT THERE AND NO FRENCHMAN'S GONNA FIRE ON THE FLAG THAT STANDS FOR FREEDOM!
OPEN THE GATE'S WE'RE GOING OUT!
GIMME A PIECE O' DAT FLAG!
AH'LL STAY IN DE BACK TO MAKE SURE NO BODY SNEAKS UP ON US -- DAT'S IMPOHTANT!
FOUR HEROES WALK UNFLINCHINGLY INTO THE HAIL OF FIRE ... AS THE ATTACKING FORCE, WAVERING BEFORE SUCH A SHOW OF THE RED BLOOD COURAGE, AND OLD GLORY, CEASE FIRING IN SPITE OF THEIR RENEGADE FRENCH COMMANDER --!
YOU FOOLS! KEEP FIRING!
I'LL SOON PUT A STOP TO THEES SILLY NONSENSE!
NO --! YOU DO NOT SHOOT AMERICAINS!
UGH
AND SO THE BOYS ARE CARRIED TRIUMPHANTLY BACK TO THE FORT ON THE SHOULDERS OF THE NOW LOYAL FRENCH SOLDIERS!
VIVA LA FRANCE!
VIVA LE AMERICANE!
VIVA ROOSEVELT!

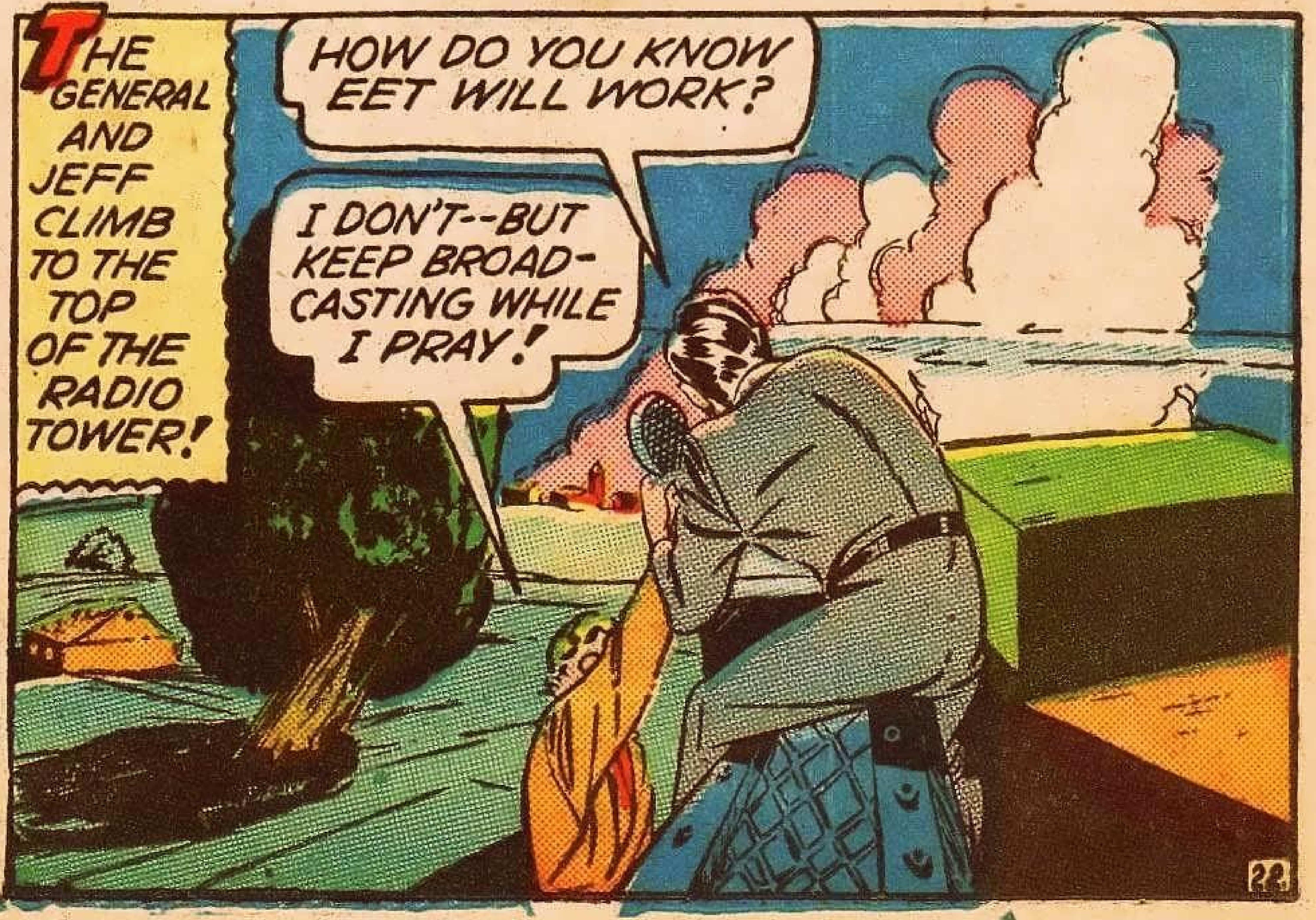

MEANTIME, THE BRAVE FRENCH FLEET IS FIGHTING ON IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN DEFEAT AND DESTRUCTION!
BOOM!
THE RADIO IS NO LONGER TELLING US TO RESIST! WHY DO WE FIGHT ON?
KEEP FIRING! THOSE WERE OUR ORDERS!
BOOM!


ABOARD THE AMERICAN FLAGSHIP--
WHY DO THEY KEEP FIGHTING? THE FOOLS HAVEN'T A CHANCE!
IT WAS THAT BLANKETY RADIO--TELLING THEM TO RESIST!
BOOM!


MEANWHILE--BACK AT THE RADIO STATION-
WONDER WHAT'S KEEPIN' THEM? THE FIRING IS GETTIN' CLOSER!
YEAH--AND THE PLANES ARE BEGINNING TO BOMB THE CITY!
RAD


BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT--
GOD SPEED, GENERAL! GIVE THAT MIKE TO THE BOYS ON THE RADIO STATION ROOF-- THEN BROADCAST AS I TOLD YOU-- AND KEEP IT UP!
AND TELL YOUR AIDE NOT TO FORGET THE FLAGS!
OUI! HE WILL STOP AT THE EMBASSY FOR THEM AS SOON AS HE LEAVES ME AT THE STATION!

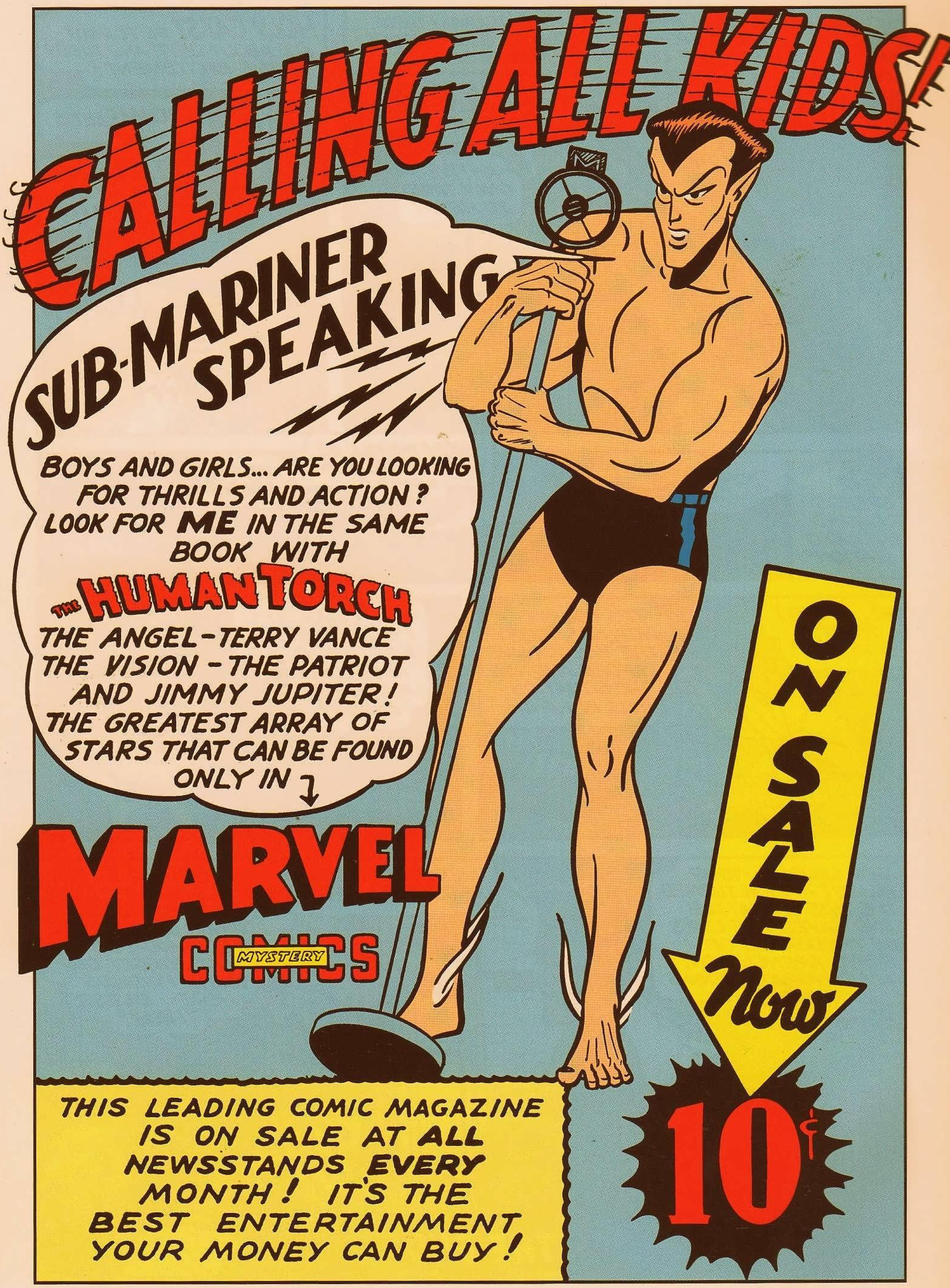

--A FEW MINUTES LATER!
MON AMI!
YIPPEE! THERE'S THE GENERAL!


THE GENERAL AND JEFF CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE RADIO TOWER!
HOW DO YOU KNOW EET WILL WORK?
I DON'T--BUT KEEP BROADCASTING WHILE I PRAY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER - AT THE FORT--
HERE ARE ZE FLAGS!
ALL SET! GIVE THE ORDER TO MARCH!
YAHOO!
WITH THE YOUNG ALLIES LEADING, THE FIGHTING FREE FRENCH HEAD TOWARD THE HEART OF ALGIERS, READY TO AID THE ALLIED INVASION BATTERING AT THE CITY FROM THE SEA ---
GANGWAY! THE YANKS ARE COMIN!
MEANWHILE AT THE FRENCH FORT OVERLOOKING THE HARBOR ----
VIVA LEROUX!
CEASE FIRING! LEROUX ORDERS IT!
AND ON TOP OF THE RADIO TOWER GEN: LEROUX CARRIES ON ---
SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS OF FRANCE! LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS!
RADIO
CEASE FIRING! RESISTANCE IS FUTILE! WE ARE SURROUNDED! ALLIED TROOPS ARE LANDING FROM THE SEA -- AND A LAND FORCE IS ENTERING THE CITY FROM THE SOUTH! CEASE FIRING!

THE COMMANDER OF THE ALLIED INVASION FORCE ENTERING THE CITY, GIVES THE ORDER TO CEASE FIRING---!!
LOOK'S AS IF IT'S ALL OVER! BUT I CANT UNDERSTAND THIS BUSINESS OF THE RADIO SAYING AN ALLIED COLUMN IS APPROACHING THE CITY FROM THE SOUTH! WE KNOW OF NO SUCH COLUMN! GIVE THE ORDER TO MARCH! AND BE PREPARED FOR SOME TRICK IT MAY BE A TRAP!
WELL, WE EITHER DIE IN GLORY, OR WIN WITHOUT BLOOD-- WE'LL SOON FIND OUT--- FORWARD-- MARCH!
PC USA
SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY, THE ALLIED TROOPS ADVANCE INTO THE CITY---
WAIT A MINUTE--- HALT! I HEAR THE RUMBLE OF TANKS!
THERE THEY COME!
-- AND AROUND THE CORNER COME THE TANKS OF THE VALIANT YOUNG ALLIES!
WELL -- I'LL BE --- THEY ARE AMERICANS!
HOORAY!

THE ALLIED INVASION FORCE MARCHES IN TRIUMPH THRU LINES OF CHEERING FRENCH CITIZENS AS OUR HEROES MODESTLY ACCEPT THE CONGRATULATIONS OF THE COMMANDER!
I'M PROUD OF YOU LADS! YOU'RE REAL SOLDIERS!
AW! WE ONLY TRIED TO HELP!
HOLY CATS! WE FORGOT ALL ABOUT JEFF AND TUBBY IN THE EXCITEMENT!
WOW! LET'S GO!
DRIVER, STEP ON IT!
AND THE CAR SPEEDS TOWARD THE RADIO STATION--
GEE! THEY'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR THE NEWS!
YEAH MAN!
HI, GANG! WHAT'S BUZZING?
IT'S COOKIN' WITH GAS, TUBBY! THE YANKS HAVE LANDED AND HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND--
GEN. LEROUX--C'MON DOWN AND MEET YOUR AMERICAN ALLY--GEN. ALLEN!
GEN. LEROUX--YOUR VALIANT APPEAL TURNED THE TIDE OF BATTLE AND SAVED THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF BRAVE FRENCHMEN! MY CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU!
MERCI, MON GENERALE! TOGETHER YOU AND I WILL PROVE THAT OUR TWO PEOPLES ARE STILL THE LOYAL FRIENDS OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR! BUT DON'T FORGET OUR YOUNG FRIENDS HERE-- BLESS THEM!
THE END


CALLING ALL KIDS!
SUB-MARINER SPEAKING
ON SALE NOW
10¢

BOYS AND GIRLS... ARE YOU LOOKING FOR THRILLS AND ACTION? LOOK FOR **ME** IN THE SAME BOOK WITH **THE HUMAN TORCH** THE ANGEL—TERRY VANCE THE VISION—THE PATRIOT AND JIMMY JUPITER! THE GREATEST ARRAY OF STARS THAT CAN BE FOUND ONLY IN

MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

THIS LEADING COMIC MAGAZINE IS ON SALE AT **ALL** NEWSSTANDS **EVERY** MONTH! IT'S THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT YOUR MONEY CAN BUY!

Tommy Tyme
AND HIS WONDERFUL
CLOCK of the AGES
and the Spirit of '76

WHILE TRUDGING TO SCHOOL,-- TOMMY TYME IS SUDDENLY CAUGHT IN A FAST MOVING THUNDERSTORM--
SUCH WEDDER! WOT GOOD IS T'UNDER AN LIGHTNIN'?
GLORY BE! WHY DIDN'T I TINK OF DIS BEFORE? I'LL SET MY CLOCK OF AGES BACK, AN' MAYBE I'LL LAND IN A SUNSHINY DAY!
THE CLOCK OF AGES SENDS OUT SPARKLING RADIATIONS, AS TOMMY SETS THE DIAL---
I'LL SET TH' HANDS FOR AROUND DA REVOLUTIONARY DAYS--WE'RE STUDYING DAT IN SCHOOL--MAYBE I'LL LEARN SOMETHING!
20 19 18 15 20 20 15 10 5 4 3 2 1 0 5 CENTURIES B.C.
TOMMY SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN AN OPEN FIELD BUT---
HEY! I BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED! IT'S STILL T'UNDERIN' AN' LIGHTNING!
MAYBE DIS GUY WON'T MIND IF I KEEP HIM COMPANY!
HURRY! HURRY, MY BOY!
MY, BUT THIS LAD IS DRESSED QUEER!
WHAT TH--? A FULL GROWN MAN FLYING A KITE IN A T'UNDERSTORM? DIS GUY MUST BE BATS!
DO YOUSE MIND IF I COME IN OUTA DA RAIN?
MY NAME IS TOMMY TYME! WHAT'S YOURS, MISTER? AND WADDYA DOING?
I AM BENJAMIN FRANKLIN! AND I AM PROVING MY THEORY THAT LIGHTNING AND ELECTRICITY ARE ONE AND THE SAME!

GOSH!! BENJAMIN FRANKLIN!
YES, THIS WILL PROVE MY INVENTION OF A LIGHTNING ROD A SUCCESS, FOR THE ROD WILL ATTRACT THE LIGHTNING AND WILL RUN HARMLESSLY INTO THE GROUND ALONG THE WIRE!
COME, MY LAD! I HAVE MORE INVENTIONS IN THE HOUSE! YOU MUST HAVE COME A LONG WAY, FOR YOU ARE NOT DRESSED AS WE!
YEAH! 'BOUT A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YE--MILES!
WITHIN THE FRANKLIN HOME, TOMMY MARVELS AT THE MANY INVENTIONS--
--AND THIS IS A NEW KIND OF STOVE I AM WORKING ON!
WHAT'S DIS GONNA BE?
I HAVE HOPES OF IMPROVING ON THE BUTTER CHURN!
LOOKS MORE LIKE A WASHING MACHINE!
EH? WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, MY BOY? A WASHING MACHINE!
A WASHING MACHINE! OF COURSE--EXCELLENT IDEA, TOMMY, EXCELLENT!
JEEPERS! DID I GIVE HIM DA IDEA FOR A WASHING MACHINE!
SUDDENLY, A STRANGE KNOCK IS HEARD AT THE DOOR, AS THEY WORK INTO THE WEE HOURS OF THE NIGHT--
WHAT'S DAT?
3.

TWO MYSTERIOUS FIGURES GLIDE THROUGH THE DOOR--
JOHN JAY AND BEN HARRISON?--YOU HAVE NEWS?
YES, VITAL NEWS, FRANKLIN! BUT CLOSE THE DOOR! THERE ARE MANY TORY SPIES!
WE NEED YOUR HELP TO DRAW UP THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, FRANKLIN, WILL YOU?
GLADLY, JOHN, GLADLY!
THE REDCOATS ARE GOING TO GET A RECEPTION AT CONCORD,--AT DAWN! THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT!
BOY, I WISHT I COULD BE DERE!
THAT IS A FINE THOUGHT, TOMMY! THEY WILL NEED EVERY MAN AND BOY THAT CAN SHOOT A MUSKET! IF YOU HAVE A MIND TO GO, FOLLOW THEM!
YOU WILL FIND A HORSE IN THE STABLE, TOMMY!
OBOY! OBOY! WILL I SHOW DOSE REDCOATS!
WHADDA BREAK! WHADDA BREAK! I WISH DA KIDS AT SCHOOL COULD SEE ME NOW!
JUST BEFORE DAWN THEY JOIN MANY OTHERS LYING BEHIND STONE FENCES BY THE ROADSIDE!
WOW! A RECEPTION, HE SAYS!

THE RHYTHMIC ROLL OF DRUMS WARNED THEM OF THE APPROACHING REDCOATS--
THE STILLNESS OF DAWN IS SUDDENLY BROKEN BY THE ROAR OF HUNDREDS OF MUSKETS, IN THE HANDS OF MINUTEMEN--
CHEEZ! DERE MUST BE HUNDREDS OF DEM!
DIS ONE-SHOT, RELOADING BUSINESS IS TOO SLOW! I GOT A BETTER WAY TA MAKE DEM BABIES BREAK RANKS!
TOMMY COMES OUT WITH HIS FAITHFUL SLINGSHOT, WHICH HE CAN SHOOT FASTER THAN A REPEATING RIFLE!
DERE NOT GONNA GET AT DOSE POWDER STORES IN CONCORD IF I CAN HELP IT!
TOMMY'S SPEEDING PELLETS CAUSE THE REDCOATS GREAT ANNOYANCE--
GREAT CAESAR! THE COLONISTS MUST HAVE A NEW WEAPON! OW!
CREEP UP TO THAT WALL AND END THAT BARRAGE BEFORE I GO MAD! ISN'T IT BAD ENOUGH THEY HIDE BEHIND STONE WALLS AND TREES, WITHOUT PELTING US WITH STINGING STONES!
SLOWLY, THE REDCOAT CREEPS UP TO THE WALL NEAR TOMMY!

OH! A SNEAKER-UPPER!
NOT KNOWING THE WORKINGS OF A SLINGSHOT, THE REDCOAT IS COMPLETELY TAKEN BY SURPRISE--
BULLSEYE!
KONK
FLEE! FLEE! THEY ARE BEWITCHED!
AH! NOW I'LL APPLY A LITTLE MODERN WARFARE! WE'LL CALL DIS, BREAKING DA MORALE!
THE ASTONISHED AND BATTERED REDCOAT REPORTS BACK TO HIS CAPTAIN!
NOTHING THERE BUT A SMALL BOY! BUT HE USES THE INSTRUMENT OF THE DEVIL! LOOK!
BAH! DEVIL! I WILL PUT A STOP TO THIS MYSELF!
BUT AS THE CAPTAIN TURNS AND FACES THE WALL!
YOW!
SPLAT
ZING
I CANNOT SEE! OW-- RETREAT!

AFTER THE BATTLE, TOMMY TYME FINDS HIMSELF THE CENTER OF INTEREST!
YE HAVE A TRIED AND TRUE WEAPON SON! -- AND WE THANK YE FOR HELPING TO BREAK THEIR RANKS!
SUDDENLY--
HURRY TO BREED'S HILL! THEY ARE IN SORE NEED OF REINFORCEMENTS THERE!
HURRY, MEN! COLONEL PEPPEREL NEEDS US!
YIPPEE! LEAD ME TO IT!
BOY! DIS BEATS GETTIN' IT OUT OF A HISTORY BOOK!
AFTER A WEARY, HARD RIDE, THEY ARRIVE AT BREED'S HILL!
LOOKS LIKE THEY HAVEN'T ATTACKED YET!
THIS BOY WILL BE A POWERFUL ASSET WITH HIS WEAPON -- WHEN THE REDCOATS ATTACK!
THEY ATTACKED TWICE ALREADY AND WE HAVE REPULSED THEM! BUT NOW OUR AMMUNITION IS RUNNING LOW!
AS SOON AS THE REDCOATS SHOW THEIR HEADS, SHOOT!
HEY! THAT LETS ME OUT! MY SLINGSHOT WON'T SHOOT THAT FAR!
TOMMY MEETS COLONEL PRESCOTT AND COLONEL PEPPEREL!

YA SEE, COLONEL, I CAN'T SHOOT TILL I SEE THE WHITES OF DERE EYES! -- DEN I KNOW DERE CLOSE ENOUGH!
THAT IS A GOOD THOUGHT, LAD! IN THAT WAY WE'LL NOT WASTE ONE RIFLE BALL!
THAT'S AN ORDER, MEN! DON'T SHOOT UNTIL YOU SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES!
GOOD, GOSH! DID I HAVE SOMETHIN' TA DO ABOUT DAT SAYING TOO?
?
THE MINUTEMEN HOLD THEIR FIRE UNTIL--
WHAT DO DEY MEAN, BREED'S HILL? THIS IS DA BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL!
SUDDENLY, TOMMY HEARS A RINGING SOUND!
OH-OH! MY CLOCK OF AGES! MY TIME'S UP!
R-RINGG
--AND AGAIN TOMMY FINDS HIMSELF IN THE SHELTER OF A DOORWAY IN BROOKLYN
IN THE SCHOOLROOM, TOMMY IS CALLED UPON TO ANSWER A QUESTION--
TOMMY! CAN YOU TELL ME A FEW THINGS THAT BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WAS FAMOUS FOR?
YES TEACHER! HE HELPED TO DRAW UP THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AN INVENTED THE LIGHTNIN' ROD AN WASHING MACHINE--
I MUST DECLARE, TOMMY, YOU'RE GETTING VERY GOOD IN HISTORY!
SHE SHOULD KNOW HOW I GET MY LESSONS, EH KIDS?
THE END

STEP RIGHT UP
AND ASK FOR THE
FUNNIEST SHOW ON EARTH!
IT'S THE GREATEST AND MOST ENTERTAINING DIME'S WORTH FOR
MOM, POP AND THE KIDS-
APPEARING
EVERY MONTH
IN
THE NEW SENSATIONAL ISSUE OF
KRAZY KOMICS
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TROOP SPECIAL

JACK LACY, crack engineer of the National Pacific, backed his locomotive through the yards, bumped gently into the coaches already filled to capacity with soldiers, and a few minutes later got his conductor's signal to go ahead. He opened the throttle a notch. Slowly the long train crawled through the maze of signals onto the main track.

Jack called to his fireman. "Looks like a tough trip, Barney," he said. "Special troop train and a nasty night. How about plenty of steam?"

Jack Lacy was the youngest engineer on the National Pacific. He was one of the best, too. When there was some particularly important run to take out, Jack usually was called. He was daring and got his trains through on time. But he was known also for his excellent judgment.

Rain beat against the cab's windows as the locomotive and coaches rushed through the night. Three straight days of rain, Jack mused. Wasn't it ever going to stop? For a moment he thought of his cozy apartment and what had promised to be a day off from his regular run. Then the call from the dispatcher's office, his hasty trip to the roundhouse, and a quick change of clothes. Well, a day off in wartime was a luxury. Shouldn't expect one. Troop movements were heavy. War materials had to go through.

Jack frowned at a thought that had been running through his mind. He shut it out, though, and gazed intently ahead at the ribbons of steel glistening through the rays of his powerful headlight. But the thought persisted.

"Barney, come here a minute," he called. The fireman slid off his seat box and crossed over to the other side of the cab.

"Did you hear that peculiar hum of the wheels when we crossed Porter's Bridge coming through last night?" Jack asked.

"What hum? I didn't notice anything."

"Well, I did. . . . Sort of a hollow sound."

"Sounded same as ever to me."

"We've got a lot of Uncle Sam's troops riding back of us."

"What're you goin' to do?"

"Don't know, yet. Forget it." Barney went back to his seat-box but from time to time he shot quick glances toward his engineer.

PORTER'S BRIDGE always interested Jack. Sometimes it irritated him. The bridge was old and supported by wooden pilings. To Jack's mind, the construction was faulty. At the right, a high bank sloped down to a ravine, which in normal weather was almost dry. Long periods of rain or the spring thaws produced a winding stream.

Porter's Bridge was bad enough before McDougal came on as roadmaster. McDougal, instead of recommending construction of a modern bridge, ordered that a section of the ravine just under the bridge be filled with dirt and cinders, thus diverting the stream. It was this work, only recently completed, that was objectionable to Jack.

A few weeks after the hole was filled in, McDougal got on Jack's engine to inspect the division.

"I see you've got the big hole under Porter's Bridge filled in," Jack remarked.

"Yes," McDougal came back, "right even with the ties, and a good job it is."

"I don't think so," Jack told him.

"What's wrong with it?"

"Don't like it. Think it was safer before you filled it in."

"You're crazy," McDougal said, with some heat.

"Well, crazy or not, I'm going to keep an eye on it."

Nothing further was said at the time and the roadmaster got off the engine at the next station.

Jack had worked out a theory of what might happen after a period of hard rains. Now, as they sped along through the darkness, his mind was active. Suppose he stopped the train, examined the bridge, and everything was all right. He could imagine the talk that would go around. But, suppose he went crashing through the bridge and piled up his long train, with its badly needed troops, into the ravine below. He could see it all in his mind and it wasn't a pretty picture.

"Jack," his fireman cut in on his thoughts, "I've been thinking over what you said about the bridge and the fill-in. Do you really think there's danger there?"

"Of course there's danger and some day there'll be trouble—"

"What do you mean?" Barney asked, sharply.

They were slowing down at Milan for orders, so Jack didn't reply. At the station, the conductor came up ahead and stopped at the engine.

"NASTY NIGHT, boys," he grunted, water dripping from his cap and raincoat. "Making fine time, though."

Jack was about to say something to his conductor about the bridge but changed his mind. After all, the responsibility was his own. Besides, a new thought occurred to him. The War Department had guards posted on all railroad and highway bridges. Porter's Bridge was no exception. Now, it seemed, as he mulled over the situation, that the guard was the solution to the whole problem. If anything was wrong at the bridge, the guard would run up the track and flag the train.

With a feeling of relief, the engineer relaxed. He opened the throttle another notch and the huge locomotive gained momentum. He took a sandwich from his lunch box. Jack glanced at his watch. A half hour past midnight. They'd reach the bridge in thirty minutes. From there on, it would be easy going.

For a few minutes now they had been going down grade. It was hardly perceptible, the descent was so gradual, but the train picked up speed. With his eyes focused on the rails ahead, patches of water at the sides of the track caught his attention now and then.

With only two miles to go before they reached the bridge, Jack suddenly sat up straight. His face was flushed. Was it his imagination, or did he really hear that hollow sound again? He glanced toward Barney but the fireman seemed unperturbed. He closed the throttle a notch and the train eased up ever so slightly. He closed it another notch. Then his left arm shot out and jammed the throttle shut. At the same time he slammed on the air to emergency. With both hands, he pulled the reverse lever, opened the sand valve, released the brakes, and again pulled the throttle wide open. The shock went the entire length of the train as the wheels spun backward. Barney almost went through his window, catching himself with an effort . Then he was down beside Jack, grabbing his arm.

"What's wrong?" he yelled.

"Jump for your life," Jack commanded, and the fireman obeyed. Jack stuck to his post. The train was slowing down rapidly but he doubted if it would stop in time. With only thirty feet to go, the wheels churning on the sandy rails, the train came to a standstill. Jack closed the throttle and applied the brakes.

A crowd of soldiers, headed by the conductor, came up to the engine. At the same time Barney ran up, apparently unhurt.

"The bridge," Jack said calmly. "Examine the fill-in"

A GLANCE ahead showed nothing but the rails. Barney grabbed a lantern and went forward with the conductor and brakeman. Several army officers followed. Finally they came back to the engine.

"All ready to go?" Jack asked. Nothing could matter now.

"You wouldn't go far," the conductor said. "There's nothing left but the rails. The whole bridge, dirt, piling and all, has washed out." He patted the engineer on the back. "Swell work, Jack," he said.

Just then the soldier guard came running up from the other side of the bank.

"Stopped No. 34 half-mile back," he shouted, hands to his mouth. "Couldn't get across to flag you. How'd you happen to stop?"

Jack had just finished explaining that to the group around him.

"As long as the water could flow freely under the bridge," he told them, "I figured there'd be no real trouble. But, with the hole filled, the water would back up, weaken the timbers, and then, just as happened, give way, carrying the piling and the rest of the structure with it."

The crowd, all of whom had been eager to congratulate the engineer and hear his story, now momentarily turned their attention to the guard and he came in for his share of praise.

But it was Barney who voiced what was in the minds of all.

"How'd we happen to stop?" he yelled back to the guard. "Why, didn't you know? *Jack Lacy's* engineer of this train."

The End.

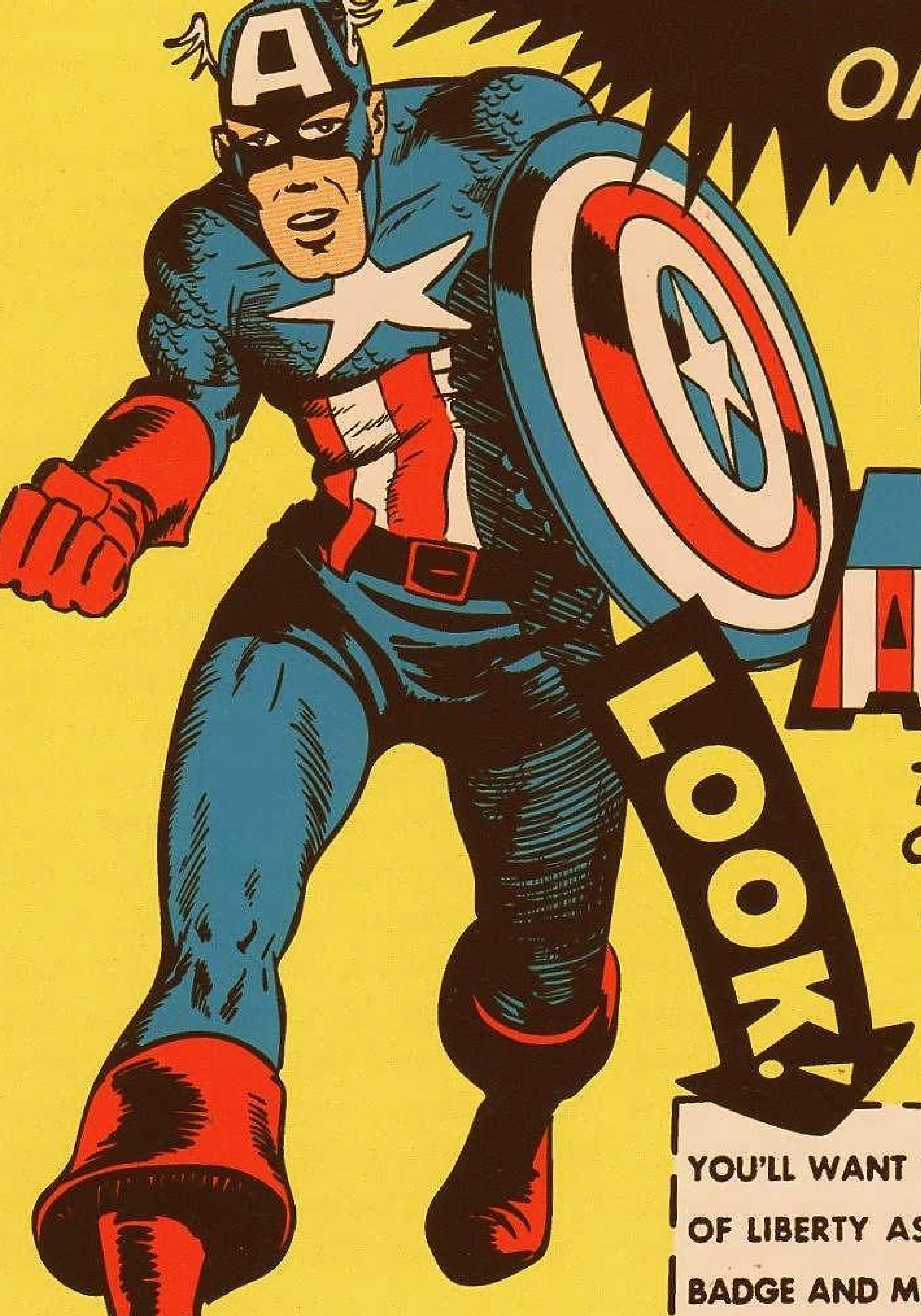
THRILL *after* THRILL

ON EVERY PAGE!

as

CAPTAIN AMERICA

TAKES UP THE CHALLENGE OF RUTHLESS TYRANTS WHO WOULD ENSLAVE DEMOCRACY!



NOW ON SALE!

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY.

NAME______________________________

STREET______________________________

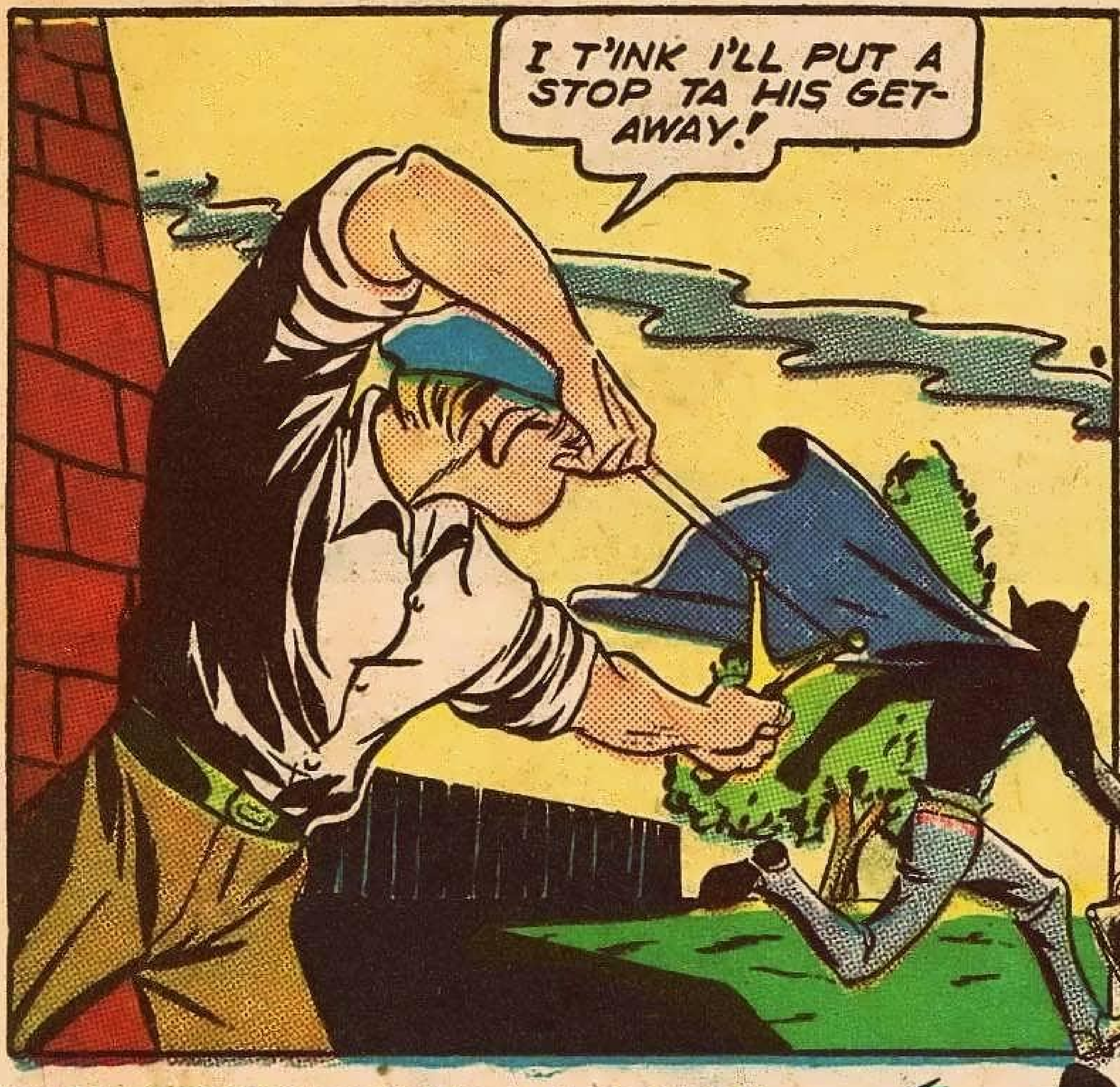
CITY AND STATE________________________

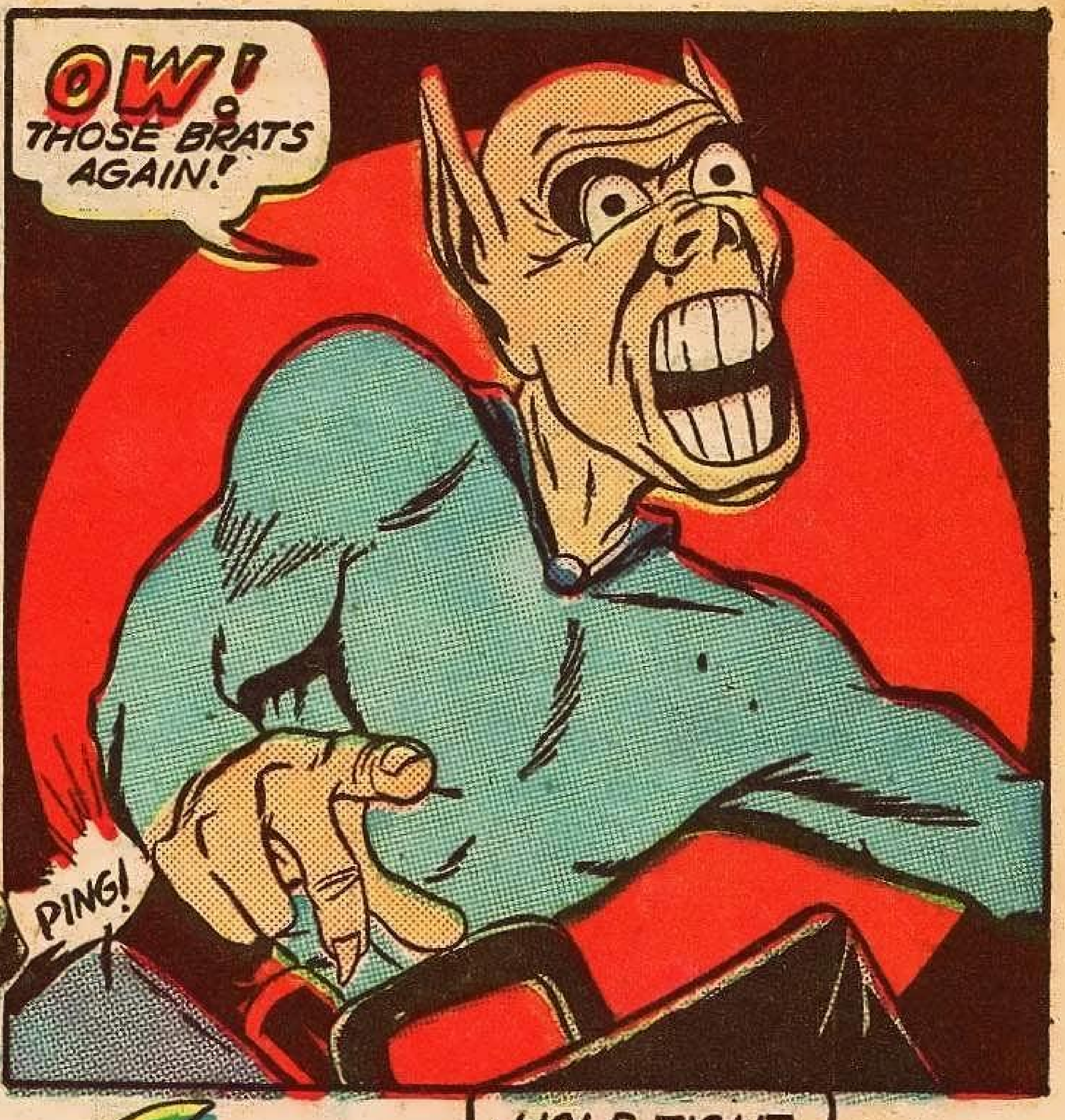
YOUNG ALLIES
A GRUESOME JAP EMISSARY OF HATE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S IN FOR WHEN HE UNWITTINGLY TURNS THE DARING, RECKLESS **YOUNG ALLIES** LOOSE ON TOKYO-- THE DREAM OF EVERY TRUE AMERICAN--A CRACK AT THE PINT SIZED HOUNDS OF **THE RISING SUN**-- COMES TRUE FOR THE SIX FEARLESS YOUNGSTERS!--AND WATCH THEM TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT-- IN
The TERROR OF THE RISING SUN!

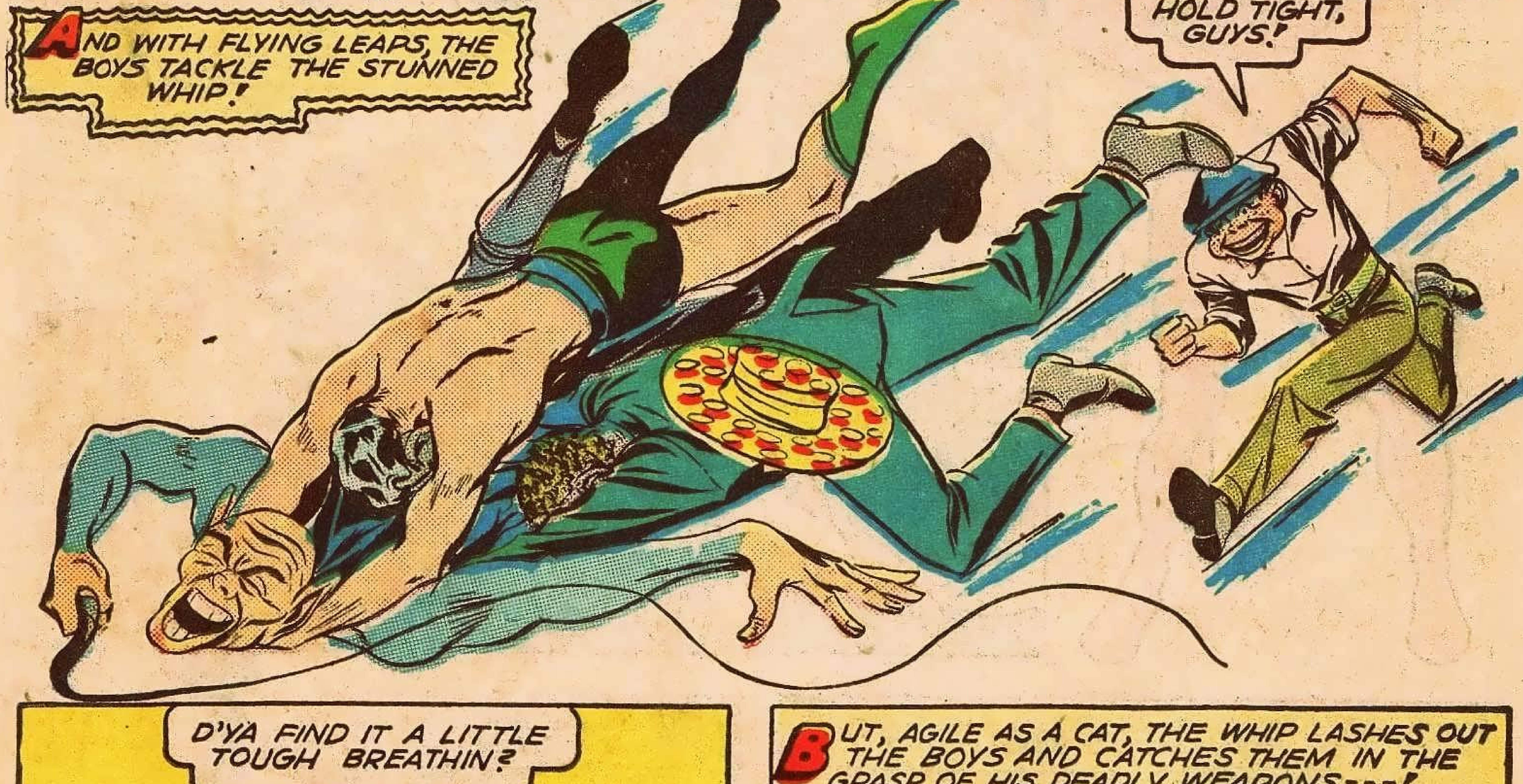
THIS TALE OF TERROR BEGINS INNOCENTLY ENOUGH IN THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE **YOUNG ALLIES,** SENTINELS OF LIBERTY....
FELLOWS, I'VE GOT A **NEW** JOB! I'M LABORATORY ASSISTANT TO DR. CARSTAIRS THE FAMED SCIENTIST!
GOSH! DOES HE NEED AN ASSISTANT FOR HIS ASSISTANT?
NO, BUT I NEED HELP TO MOVE SOME THINGS IN THE LAB TODAY!
NONE OB DAT FO' WHITEWASH JONES!
I'LL HELP, JEFF!
I'LL TAKE BUCKY AND TUBBY! LET'S **GO!**
WELL--THEY'RE **GONE!** IF YOU GUYS WANNA WORK, THE MECHANICS AT THE AIRPORT LEMME HELP 'EM FIX ENGINES! IT'S A LOT MORE FUN THAN WORKING IN A STUFFY LAB!
MAN, EV'Y-TIME AH GITS NEAR DEM SCIENCE GUYS, DEY'S TROUBLE POPPIN' ROUN' ME!
AND A LOT SAFER, EH, KID?
IN DR. CARSTAIRS LABORATORY..
THIS MACHINE IS AN INVENTION FOR TESTING THE EXPLOSIVE POWER OF DEMOLITION BOMBS!
BOY! THAT DR. CARSTAIRS MUST BE A SMART MAN!
OKAY, MEN! TAKE YOUR TIME, BUT GET THAT STUFF INTO THE OTHER ROOM IN A **HURRY!**
AND I THOUGHT THIS WAS GONNA BE FUN!
WORKING HARD, EH, BOYS? JEFF, WILL YOU BRING ME MY BRIEF CASE, PLEASE?
YES, SIR!

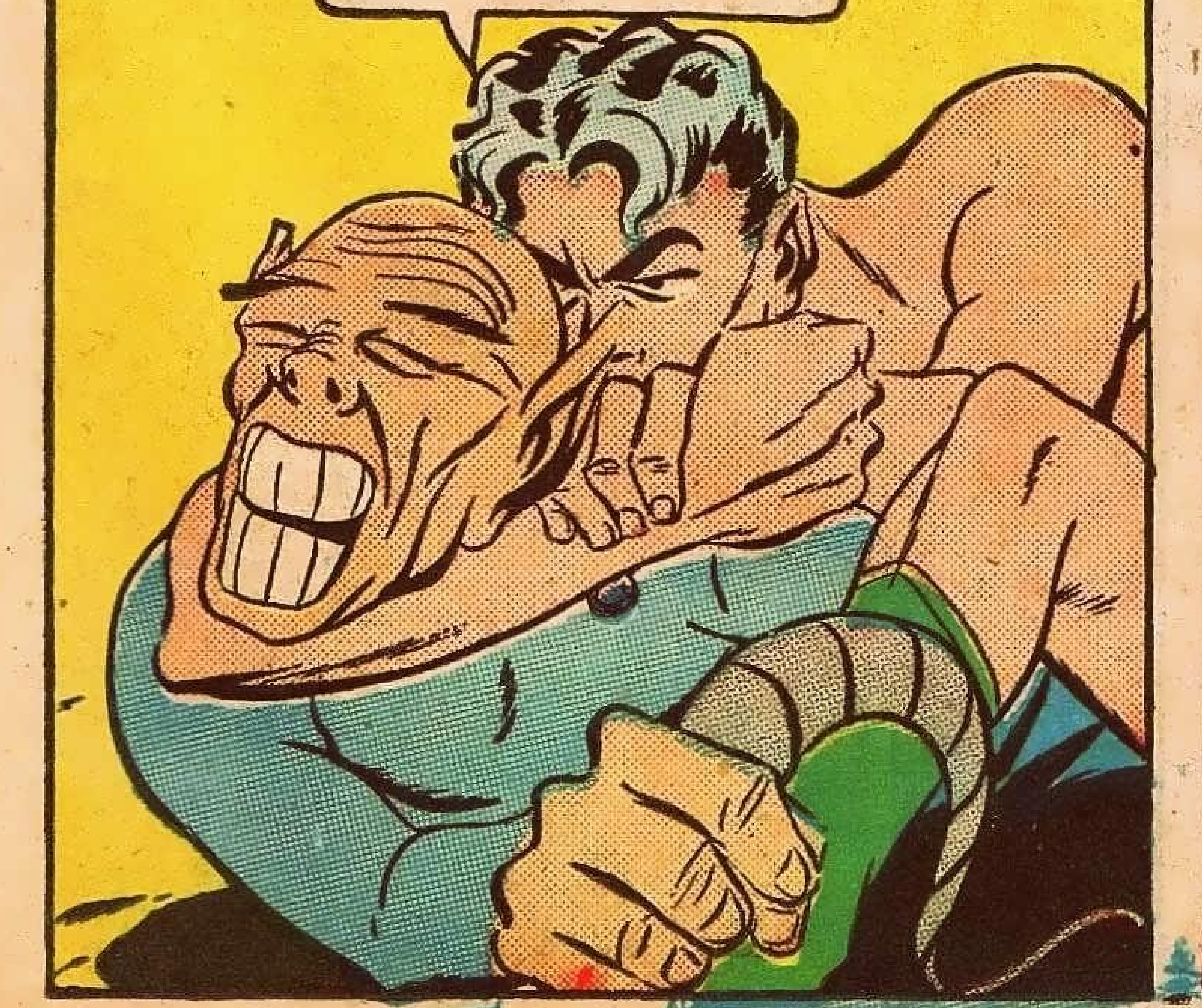
THESE ARE THE PLANS FOR MY NEW FIELD RADIO TRANSMITTER! WITH IT, OFFICERS CAN KEEP IN TOUCH WITH EVERY MAN IN A COMBAT AREA, AND THE SOLDIERS HAVE TO CARRY RADIOS, THE SIZE OF WRIST WATCHES!
I THOUGHT YOU GUYS WANTED TO HELP ME! YOU'RE JUST STANDING AROUND!
AW--SIMON LEGREE HAD NOTHING ON YOU!
SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND THE CLOSED DOOR--AN AGONIZED, UNEARTHLY SCREAM!
AEEEEEE! HELP!
HOLY SMOKE!
--AND WHEN THE BOYS BURST INTO THE ROOM, THEY ARE CONFRONTED WITH THE FIRST OF THE HORRIBLE CHAIN OF GRIM EVENTS LEADING TO THEIR GREATEST ADVENTURE....
DOCTOR CARSTAIRS!
LOOK! SOMEBODY'S GOIN' OUT THE WINDOW--!
YOU DIRTY MURDERER! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE!
IT SEEMS THE WHIP WILL HAVE TO DISPOSE OF YOU!
TASTE THE LASH OF THE WHIP!
A HISS--AND THE VICIOUS WHIP LASHES BUSKY IN ITS GRASP!

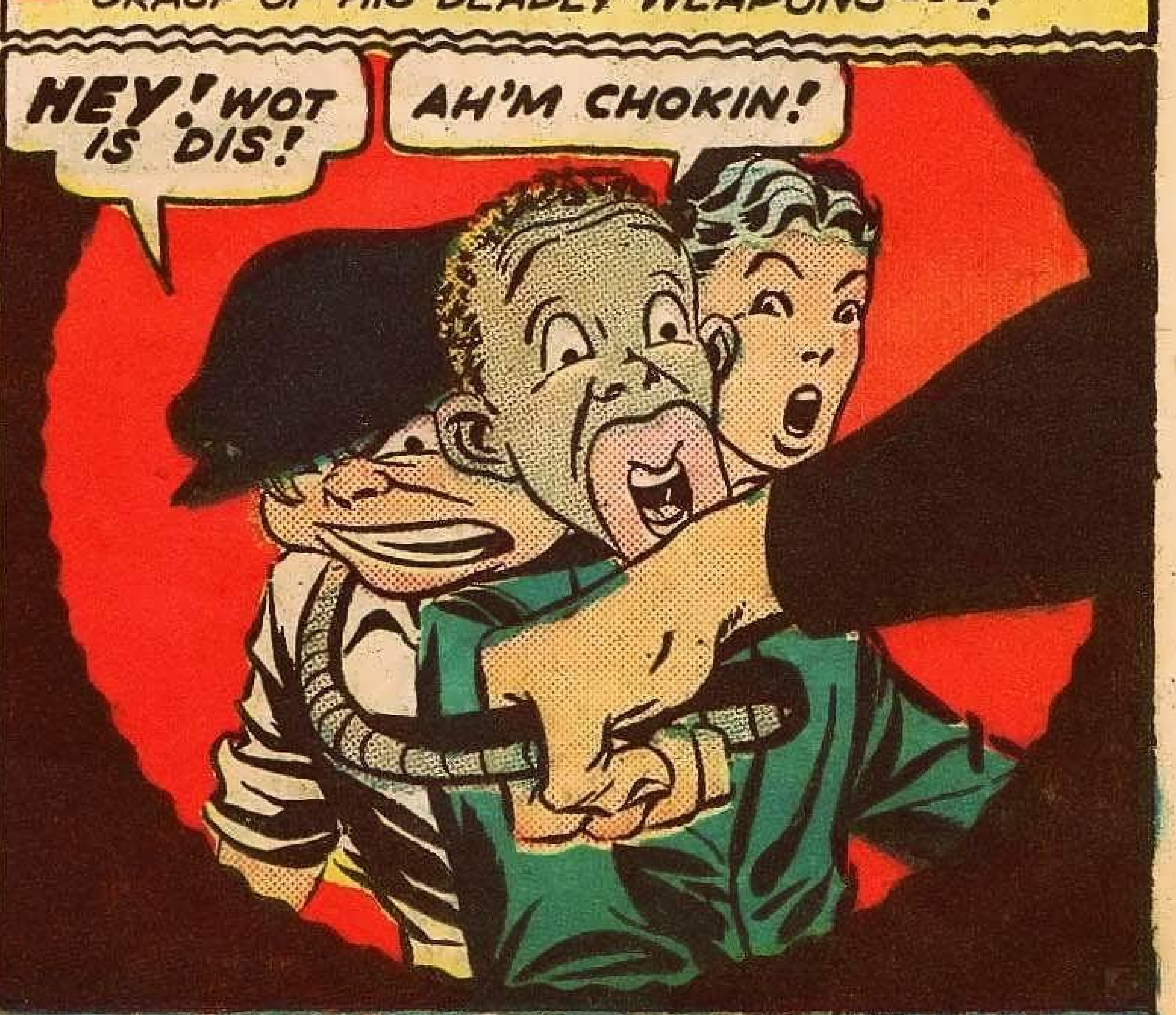
...AND BEFORE THE BOYS CAN STOP HIM, THE WHIP LEAPS OUT OF THE WINDOW AND AWAY...
I'VE JUST TIME TO MAKE MY PLANE, OR I'D DESTROY YOU BRATS!
BUCKY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
SURE! BUT HE GOT AWAY WITH THE PLANS!
HE SAID HE HAD TO CATCH A PLANE!
TORO AND THE OTHERS ARE WORKING AT THE AIRPORT! MAYBE THEY CAN CUT HIM OFF! OPERATOR! THE AIRPORT, PLEASE! QUICK!
HEY, TORO! TELEPHONE! IT'S YER PAL, BUCKY!
OKAY! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
NO KIDDIN', BUCKY! GOSH! THAT'S AWFUL! SURE, WE'LL LOOK OUT FOR HIM! HE WON'T GET PAST US IF HE COMES THIS WAY!
SO THAT'S THE STORY! WE GOTTA KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR THE WHIP!
I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS....
IT'S HIM! GET 'IM!
HEY! LOOK AT DAT GUY!


I T'INK I'LL PUT A STOP TA HIS GET-AWAY!


OW! THOSE BRATS AGAIN!
PING!


AND WITH FLYING LEAPS, THE BOYS TACKLE THE STUNNED WHIP!
HOLD TIGHT, GUYS!


D'YA FIND IT A LITTLE TOUGH BREATHIN?


BUT, AGILE AS A CAT, THE WHIP LASHES OUT THE BOYS AND CATCHES THEM IN THE GRASP OF HIS DEADLY WEAPONS---!
HEY! WOT IS DIS!
AH'M CHOKIN!

AS THE YOUNG ALLIES LIE STUNNED, THE WHIP MAKES FOR THE PLANE!
ONE MORE MINUTE AND I'LL BE AWAY FROM HERE!
BUT TORO TURNS ON HIS POWERFUL FLAME--
AND SURROUNDS THE PLANE WITH A CIRCLE OF FIRE!
ATTA BOY, TORO!
DONNER-VETTER! IS THERE NO ESCAPE?
AT THAT MOMENT-- BUCKY, TUBBY AND JEFF COME DASHING UP---
LOOK! TORO'S TRAPPED HIM!
BUT IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!
THE DOWNPOUR QUENCHES TORO'S FLAME AND THE WHIP PREPARES TO TAKE-OFF!
YIPES! ARE WE GONNA LOSE DAT CHARACTER?
NOT YET! COME ON AND GET HIM OUT OF THE PLANE!
BUT AS THE BOYS PILE IN, THE PLANE TAKES OFF SWIFTLY---
HEY! WE'S OFF DE GROUND! STOP HIM! MAKE HIM LAND!
TOO LATE! IF ONE OF YOU MAKES A MOVE TOWARD ME! I'LL CRASH THE PLANE! OUR NEXT STOP IS TOKYO!

YOUNG ALLIES

CHAPTER II

The AIR-DUEL of DEATH!

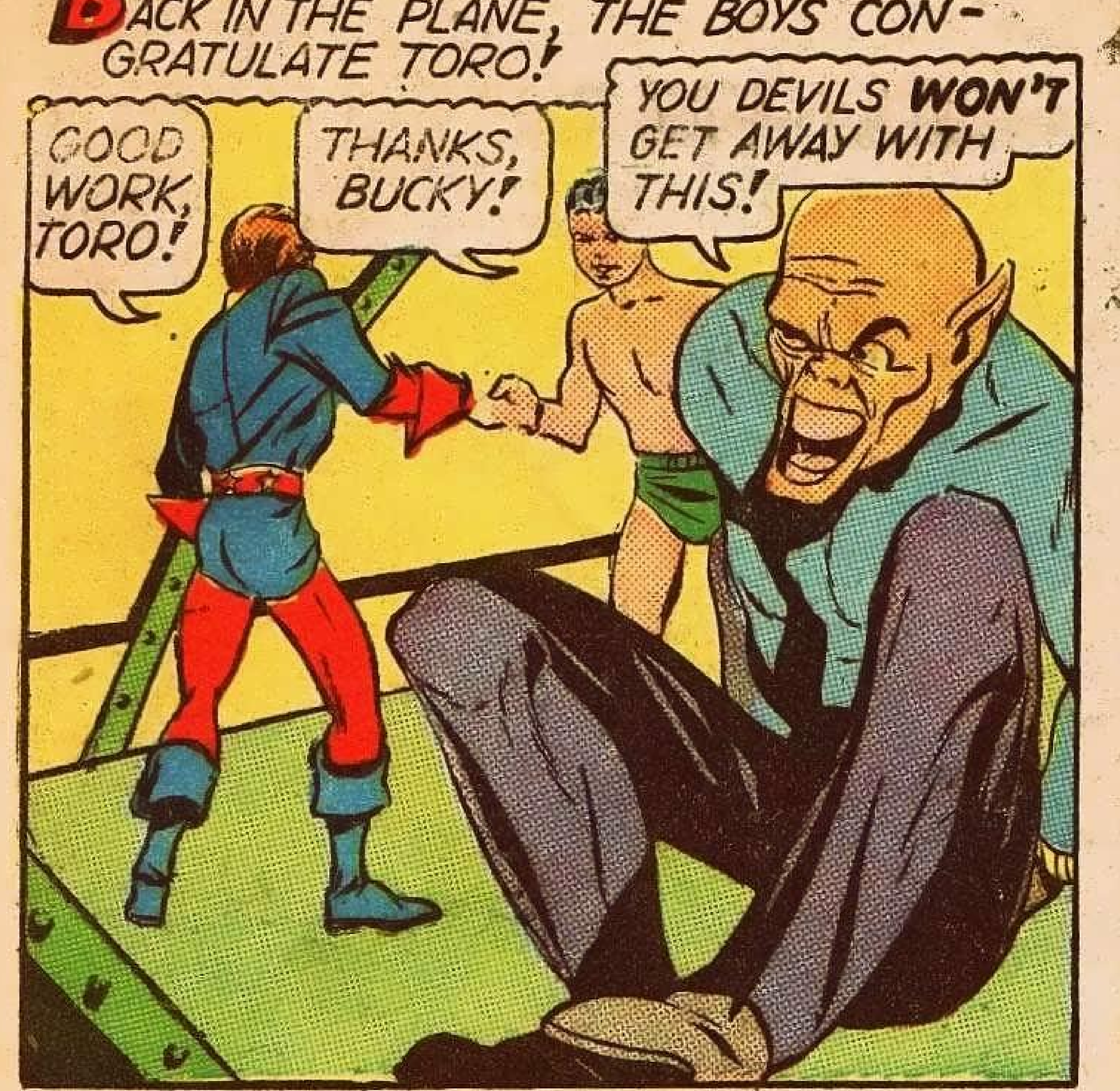
TAT! TAT! TAT! TAT! TAT!

HOURS LATER --- WITH THE WHIP AT THE CONTROLS, THE PLANE HEADS FOR THE OPEN SEA!
WE'RE FLYING OVER AN OCEAN! THIS MUST BE THE PACIFIC!
WHADA WE DO NEXT?
IF WE CAN GET THE WHIP AWAY FROM THE CONTROLS, I CAN FLY THE PLANE BACK!
NOTHING DOING! WE'RE GOING TO TOKYO! THIS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO MISS IT!
AND SO THE YOUNG ALLIES FOLLOW BUCKY'S LEADERSHIP, AND BIDE THEIR TIME AS THE PLANE ZOOMS OVER THE PACIFIC!
AH! WE ARE APPROACHING JAPAN! HERE COMES THE FIGHTER ESCORT TO DO ME HONOR!
WOULDN'T THOSE JAP FIGHTERS LOOK BEAUTIFUL TUMBLING INTO THE OCEAN!
YEAH! THE MACHINE-GUNS! WE COULD DO A NICE JOB ON DEM TOO!
OKAY, JAPS! HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!
OH BOY! THIS MAKES SLING-SHOTS LOOK SICK!

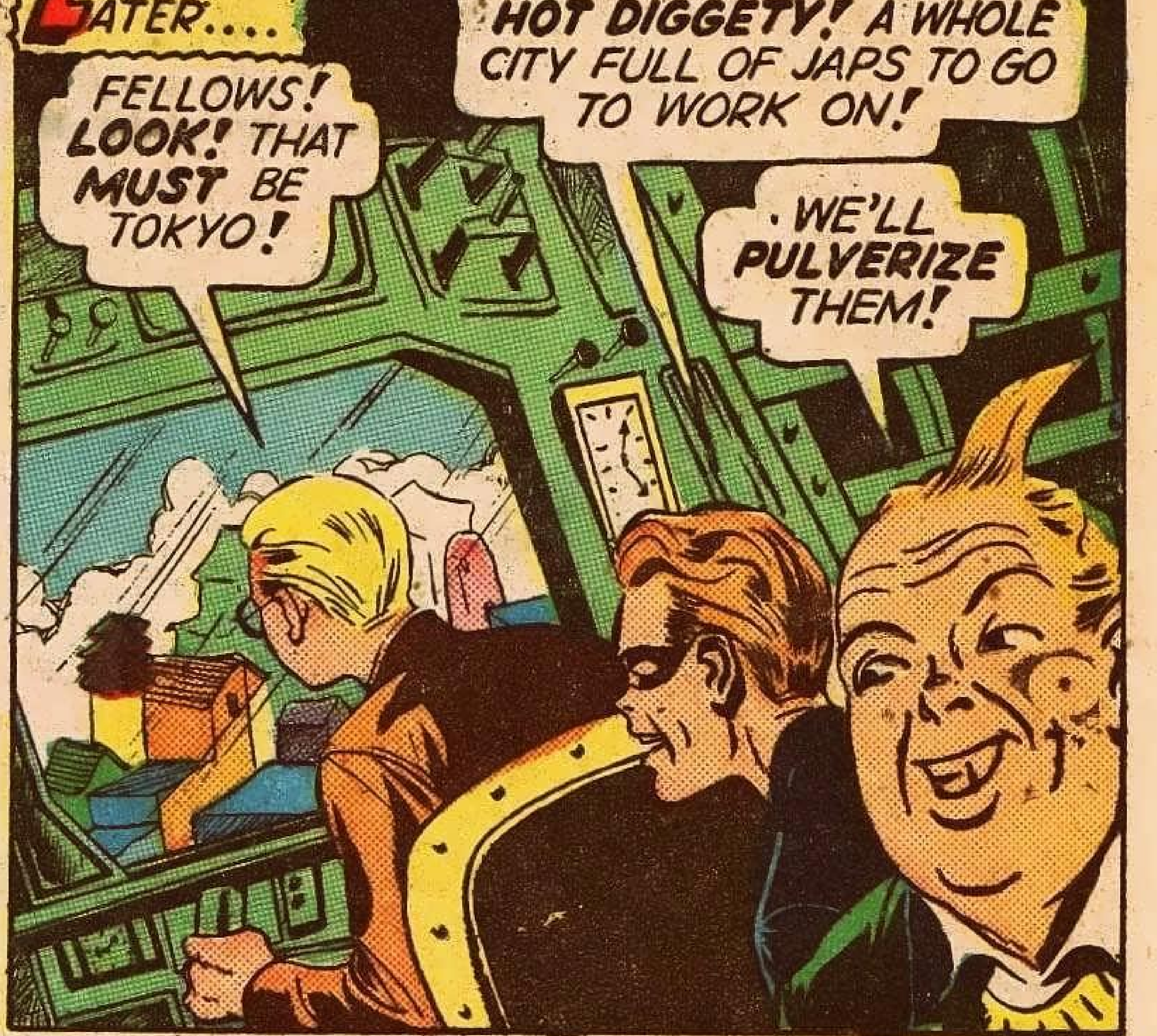
IT'S AMAZING! HIS HIGHNESS IS SHOOTING AT US!
PERHAPS WE HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO OFFEND HIM, BUT HIS REBUKE IS **TOO** STRONG!
TAT! TAT!
TAT!
WHA--WHAT!?! SO YOU DEVILS STILL HAVE NOT LEARNED TO FEAR THE WHIP! MACHINE GUNNING HONORABLE JAPANESE OFFICERS! FOR THIS **YOU DIE AT ONCE!**
GO TO IT, BUCKY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF **THIS** CHARACTER!
BUT AS THE WHIP LEAPS UP, TORO LETS HIM HAVE IT!
SMASH!
NO! NO! DON'T!
GET AT THE CONTROLS, JEFF, WHILE I HEAT UP **THIS** HAM!
RIGHTO, TORO!
BUT THE **JAP** AVIATORS REALIZE THAT EVERYTHING IS NOT AS IT SHOULD BE!
HIS HIGHNESS DOES NOT SEEM TO BE IN CONTROL OF THE PLANE! **ATTACK!**
HEY! DEM JAPS ARE FILLIN' DE PLANES FULLA HOLES!

MAN! AFTER TUBBY GETS OFF YOU, YO HAID'LL BE A PAN-CAKE!
OOF! GET OFF ME! PLEASE!
BUCKY'S AIM IS GOOD AND HE BAGS HIS FIRST JAP PLANE!
HEY, FELLAS! LOOK! I GOT ONE!
IN THE SQUADRON LEADER'S PLANE---
FLY ABOVE PLANE! WE FORCE THEM DOWN INTO SEA!
ZOOMING UPWARD, THE JAP PLANES FORCE THE LARGER SHIP DOWN TOWARD THE SEA!
HEY! WE'RE GONNA GET AWFUL WET!
BUT TORO, TOO, ZOOMS INTO ACTION!
A TERRIFYING WEAPON OF LIGHTNING, DESTRUCTION, TORO WHIZZES FROM PLANE TO PLANE, SETTING THEIR GAS TANKS AFIRE AND PLUNGING THEM INTO A WATERY GRAVE!
YAHOO! THE TORCH WOULD BE PROUD OF ME NOW!

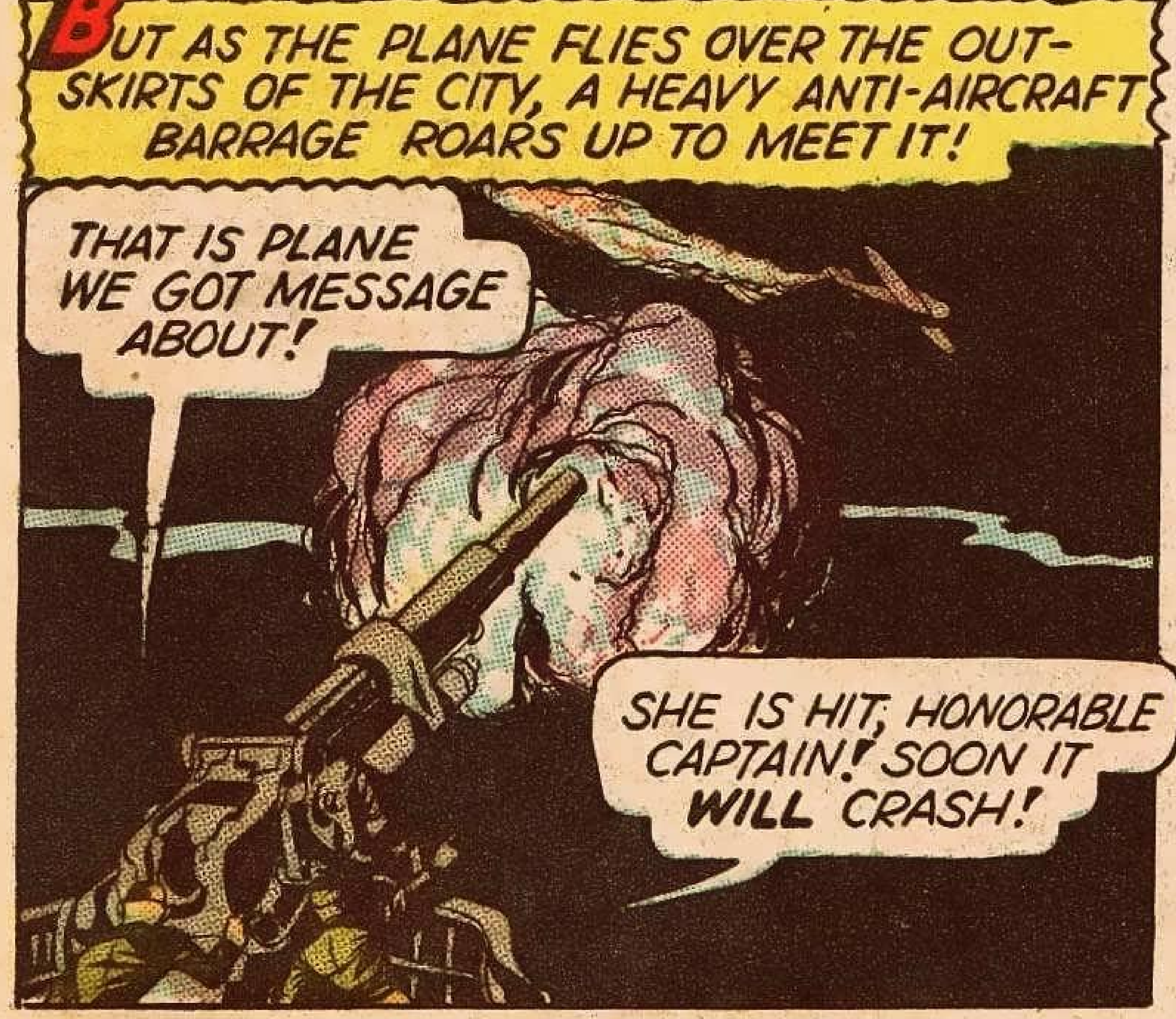
BACK IN THE PLANE, THE BOYS CONGRATULATE TORO!


GOOD WORK, TORO!
THANKS, BUCKY!
YOU DEVILS **WON'T** GET AWAY WITH THIS!

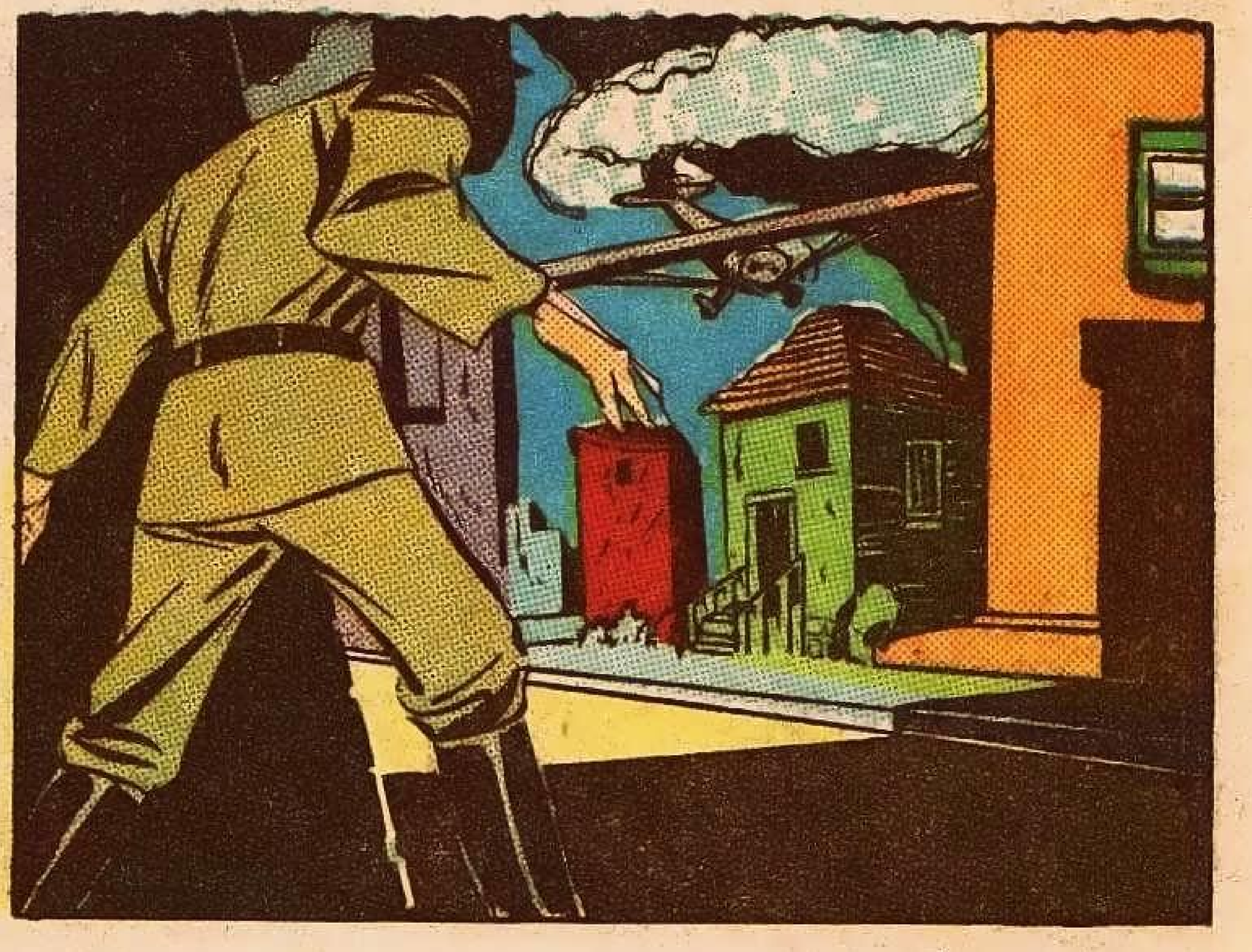
LATER....


FELLOWS! **LOOK!** THAT **MUST** BE TOKYO!
HOT DIGGETY! A WHOLE CITY FULL OF JAPS TO GO TO WORK ON!
WE'LL **PULVERIZE** THEM!

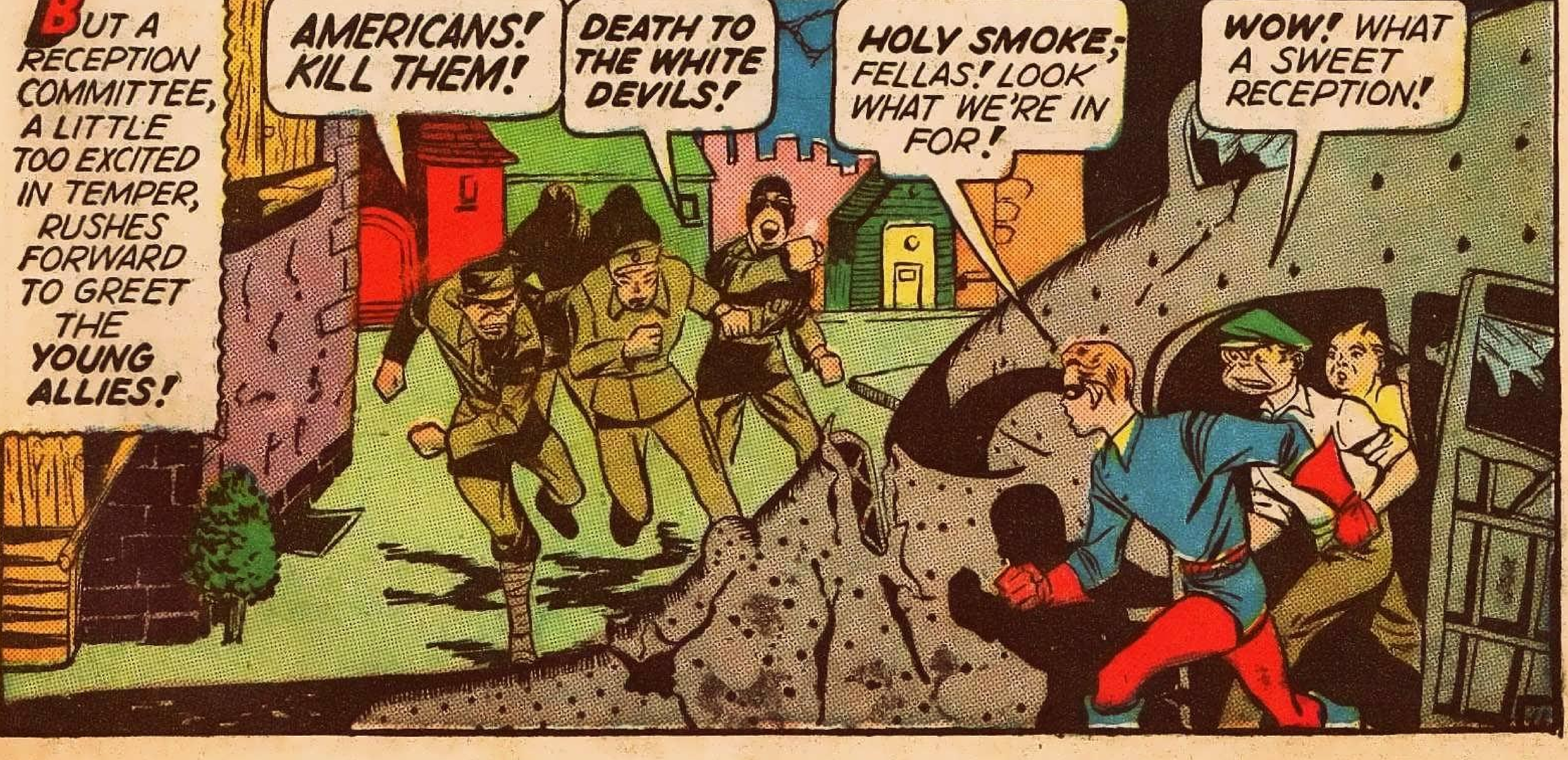
BUT AS THE PLANE FLIES OVER THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, A HEAVY ANTI-AIRCRAFT BARRAGE ROARS UP TO MEET IT!


THAT IS PLANE WE GOT MESSAGE ABOUT!
SHE IS HIT, HONORABLE CAPTAIN! SOON IT **WILL** CRASH!

AND IN A FEW MINUTES, THE BOYS ARE FORCED TO MAKE A CRASH LANDING IN THE STREETS OF TOKYO!



BUT A RECEPTION COMMITTEE, A LITTLE TOO EXCITED IN TEMPER, RUSHES FORWARD TO GREET THE **YOUNG ALLIES!**


AMERICANS! KILL THEM!
DEATH TO THE WHITE DEVILS!
HOLY SMOKE; FELLAS! LOOK WHAT WE'RE IN FOR!
WOW! WHAT A SWEET RECEPTION!

YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER III
IN THE
LAIR
OF THE
BEASTS!

TAKE THEM ALIVE! THEY MUST BE TORTURED BEFORE THEY ARE PUT TO DEATH!
BUT THE FIRST JAP TO REACH THE YOUNG ALLIES MEETS A THUNDERBOLT!
ARE YOU KIDDING?
TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME!
FOLLOW ME, GANG! I'LL BURN A HOLE THRU THAT CROWD!
--AND SCATTERS THE PANICKY JAPS BEFORE HIM!
OUT OF OUR WAY, YOU YELLOW BELLIED RATS!
HA! HO! DERE'S NUTTIN' FUNNIER DAN A SCARED YAP!
AS THE KIDS ESCAPE THE MOB----
IY-IY! THEY HAVE TAKEN HONORABLE PLANS WITH THEM-HIS HIGHNESS WILL BE FURIOUS!
LOOK! THE WHIP IS GIVING ORDERS! LETS BEAT IT!
IT CAN'T BE QUICK ENOUGH FER ME, BUCKY!

GO! FIND THEM! OR I'LL HAVE ALL YOUR HEADS! HURRY! FOOLS!
BUT THE BOYS ARE ALREADY AT WORK ON SOME RICKSHAW MEN!
EXCUSE US, GUYS! WE'RE TAKING OVER!
SPLAT!
SECONDS LATER--
AH! RICKSHAWS! WE'LL TAKE THEM! IT'LL BE QUICKER!
SURE, YER HIGHNESS!
OH! OH!
AH WONDER IF DEY GOT DARK JAPS LIKE ME!
AND SO THE WHIP AND HIS MEN ARE TAKEN FOR A MERRY RIDE!
SLOW DOWN, YOU IDIOT! NOT SO FAST!
YOU ASKED FOR IT! YAHOO!

THE YOUNG ALLIES GO OVER A BRIDGE, AND AT BUCKY'S SIGNAL, LET GO OF THE RICKSHAWS----!
H-E-E-E-LP!
YIPPEE! LOOK AT 'EM GO!
SPLASH!
HELP! HELP! I CANT SWIM!
THINK ABOUT PEARL HARBOR! THAT'LL BUOY YOU UP!
HEY, LOOK! MORE JAPS!
YOU WILL PLEASE TO PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
AH GUESS OUR GOOSE IS COOKED!
CHIN UP, WHITEWASH! WE'RE NOT THRU YET!
GET THAT PORTFOLIO AWAY FROM THEM AND TAKE THEM TO THE IMPERIAL DUNGEONS!
AND SO THE BOYS ARE TAKEN TO THE GRIM, DANK DUNGEONS OF THE FOLLOWERS OF THE RISING SUN!
HA! HA! YOUR BONES WILL BE BROKEN AND LEFT TO MOULDER HERE WITH THE RATS! HO! HO!

BUCKY, TUBBY AND JEFF ARE SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS---
MMM! VISIT BEE-OOTIFUL JAPAN!
IT'S NOT A VERY NICE PLACE TO SPEND A VACATION!
TUBBY! LOOK OUT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I GOT IT!
ZOUNDS! WOTTA JOINT!
AND IN ANOTHER CELL---
SOMEDAY YOU-ALL'S GWINE LISSEN T'ME AN' STAY CLOSE TO WHERE YOU K'IN GET SOME FRIED CHICKEN AN' WATERMELON WHEN YO' WANTS IT!
LOOK!
TORO'S FIREBALLS MAKE QUICK WORK OF THE POISON REPTILES---
THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM HOME, BURIED DEEP IN THE FOULEST OF ORIENTAL DUNGEONS----THINGS LOOK VERY DISMAL FOR OUR YOUNG HEROES----

YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER IV
THE DUNGEONS OF DOOM!

IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE, THE WHIP REPORTS TO THE EMPEROR.....
I HAVE BROUGHT BACK THE PLANS FOR THREE VERY REMARKABLE AMERICAN INVENTIONS, YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY!
YOU HAVE DONE WELL! LET ME SEE THE PLANS!
MISERABLE CREATURE! DO YOU DARE TRY TO MAKE A FOOL OF THE SON OF THE RISING SUN? THIS BRIEF-CASE IS EMPTY!
THOSE YOUNG WRETCHES! I WON'T REST 'TILL I EAT THEIR HEARTS OUT!
WHAT YOUNG WRETCHES? TAKE ME TO THEM!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY!
AND SO THREE OF THE BOYS ARE BROUGHT INTO THE TORTURE CHAMBER OF THE DUNGEONS TO FACE HIROHITO.....
BUCKY--LISTEN! Bzzzz! Bzzz!
OKAY, JEFF! I GET IT!
SEARCH THEM! THEY HAVE THE PLANS!
YES, YOUR HIGHNESS!
AS THE GUARD SEARCHES JEFF, THE LATTER SLIPS THE PLANS INTO BUCKY'S HAND.....
HE HAS NOT GOT THE PLANS, EITHER!

THROW THEM INTO THE TRUTH MACHINE ONE AT AT A TIME! THEY'LL SOON TELL WHERE THE PLANS ARE!
WHEN YOU FEEL THE HOT ELECTRICITY COURSE THRU YOUR BODY, YOU'LL TELL THE TRUTH!
THE WHIP TURNS ON THE CURRENT!
OUCH!
AH! IT IS NOT VERY PLEASANT, IS IT?
IN THEIR CELL, TORO, WHITEWASH AND KNUCKLES HEAR TUBBY'S YELL!
THAT'S TUBBY! WE'RE GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!
HIS FLAME-POWER RETURNED, TORO BURNS HIS WAY THRU THE WALL!
BACK IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER....
IF THAT THING REALLY WORKS, TUBBY'LL TELL THEM WE'VE BEEN PASSING THE PLANS BETWEEN US! THEN WE'RE SUNK!
UNDER THE TERRIFIC PRESSURE OF THE TRUTH MACHINE, TUBBY STARTS TO TALK....
I'LL TELL THE TRUTH!--I'LL TELL! THE PLANS--THE PLANS ARE---

SUDDENLY....
YAHOO!
HOLD TIGHT, FELLAS! THE PARTY'S JUST BEGINNING!
WHA--?! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?
OL' BUCK TEETH HIROHITO HIMSELF! HAVE A COUPLE OF HOT FEET!
IY! YI!
WHILE TORO KEEPS THE JAPS BUSY, WHITEWASH PULLS TUBBY OUT OF THE TRUTH MACHINE!
GOLLY! I NEARLY SPILLED THE BEANS ABOUT THE PLANS! I COULDN'T HELP IT! HONEST!
MAN! HOW'D THEY EVAH GIT ALL DAT MEAT IN THERE? I SHOULDA BROUGHT A CAN-OPENER!
KEEP 'EM HOPPIN', TORO! I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING EVERY RED-BLOODED AMERICAN WOULD GIVE HIS LIFE TO DO!
FOR YOU--FROM A HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILLION AMERICANS!
--AND HIROHITO IS KNOCKED RIGHT INTO THE TRUTH MACHINE!

I AM A COCK-EYED, BUCK-TOOTHED, DOUBLE-CROSSING, PUNY EXCUSE FOR AN EMPEROR, AND ALL MY PEOPLE ARE A LOT OF YELLOW, UNDERHANDED **RATS!**
THE U.S.A. CAN BEAT US -- AND THEY **WILL!** IT'LL BE A **GOOD** THING, TOO!
P-P-PLEASE! YOUR MAJESTY! HOW CAN YOU SAY **SUCH** THINGS?
IMPOSSIBLE!
THAT'S NOT WHAT **HE** TOLD US BEFORE!
C'MON, GUYS! THIS IS **OUR** CHANCE TO GET **OUTTA** HERE!
HEY! THAT'S AN ARSENAL! WE CAN HOLD THEM OFF IN THERE!
RUSHING INTO THE ARSENAL, THE BOYS PICK UP RIFLES AND TURN THEM ON THE PURSUING JAPS!
BANG! AND ANOTHER YELLOW-SKIN BITES THE DUST!
WE'RE MOWIN' 'EM DOWN!
PRAISE DE LAWD -- AN' HEAH'S DE AMMUNITION!

THIS GRENADE OUGHTA UPSET YOU GUYS A LITTLE!
--AND THE WHIP SEES HIS MEN BLOWN TO OBLIVION!!
I'LL GET THOSE BRATS MYSELF! I'LL CHOKE THEM WITH MY BARE HANDS!
WHAT'S THIS?! THEY'RE GONE!
SO LONG, WHIP, YOU DRIP!
IN A FEW SECONDS--THE WHIP IS CHASING THE YOUNG ALLIES IN HIS CAR---
I SWEAR BY MY ANCESTORS, IF THEY ESCAPE ME, I SHALL COMMIT, HARI-KARI!
LOOK, FELLAS! A BOMBER--ABOUT TO TAKE OFF!
WHAT A BREAK! GET TO WORK, TORO!
RIGHT!
IN THE PLANE---
VOT ISS!?! A FIRE-MAN?!?
YIPES!
STEP RIGHT IN, GENTLEMEN!
THANK YOU, JEEVES!

AS THE BOYS TAKE OFF, THE WHIP COMES ONTO THE FIELD....
THE CURSE OF A PRINCE OF NIPPON UPON YOU!
TA! TA!
UGH!
HOLY SMOKE! LOOKA DOWN DERE! WOT'S HE DOIN'!
THAT'S HARI-KARI! JAPS DO THAT WHEN THEY DISGRACE THEMSELVES AND LOSE FACE!
HMM! THE WHOLE RACE OUGHTA DO IT THEN!
HEY! THAT'S THE BOMB RELEASE YOU'RE FOOLING WITH!
OOPS! I DOOD IT!
--AND THE JAP AIR BASE IS COMPLETELY DESTROYED!
TSCH! TSCH! AIN'T THAT A SHAME?
BOOM!
AND SO THE YOUNG ALLIES HEAD BACK TOWARD THE SECURITY OF THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE!
The End

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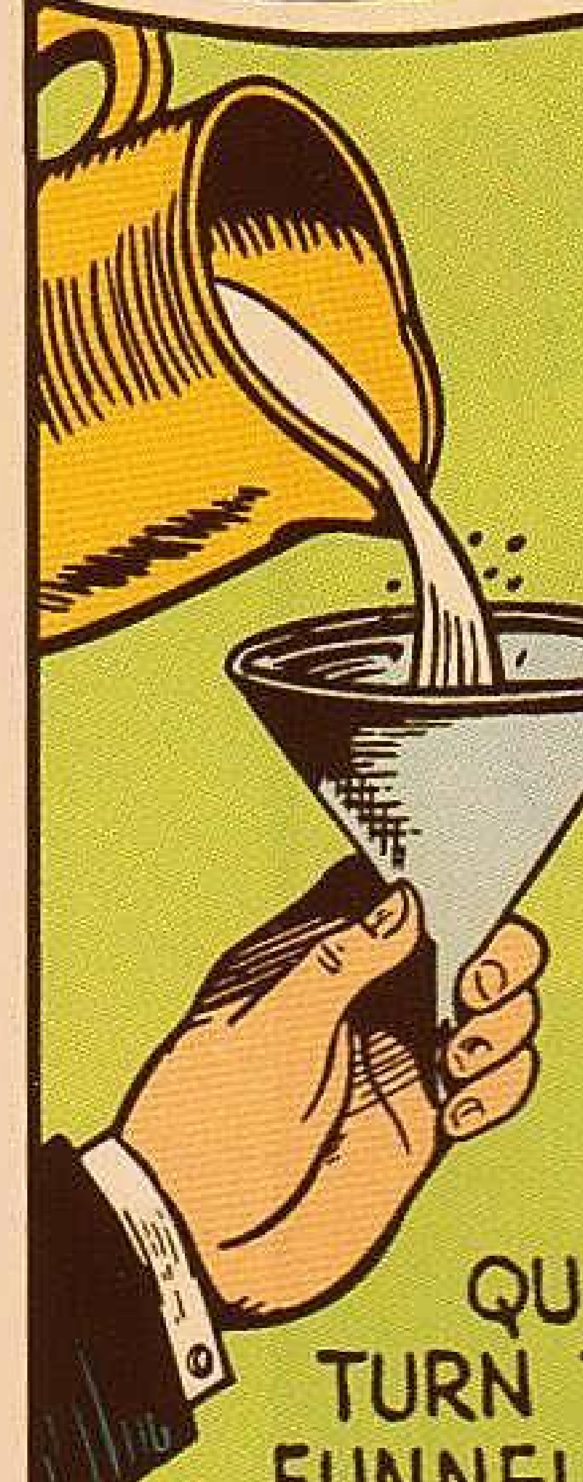
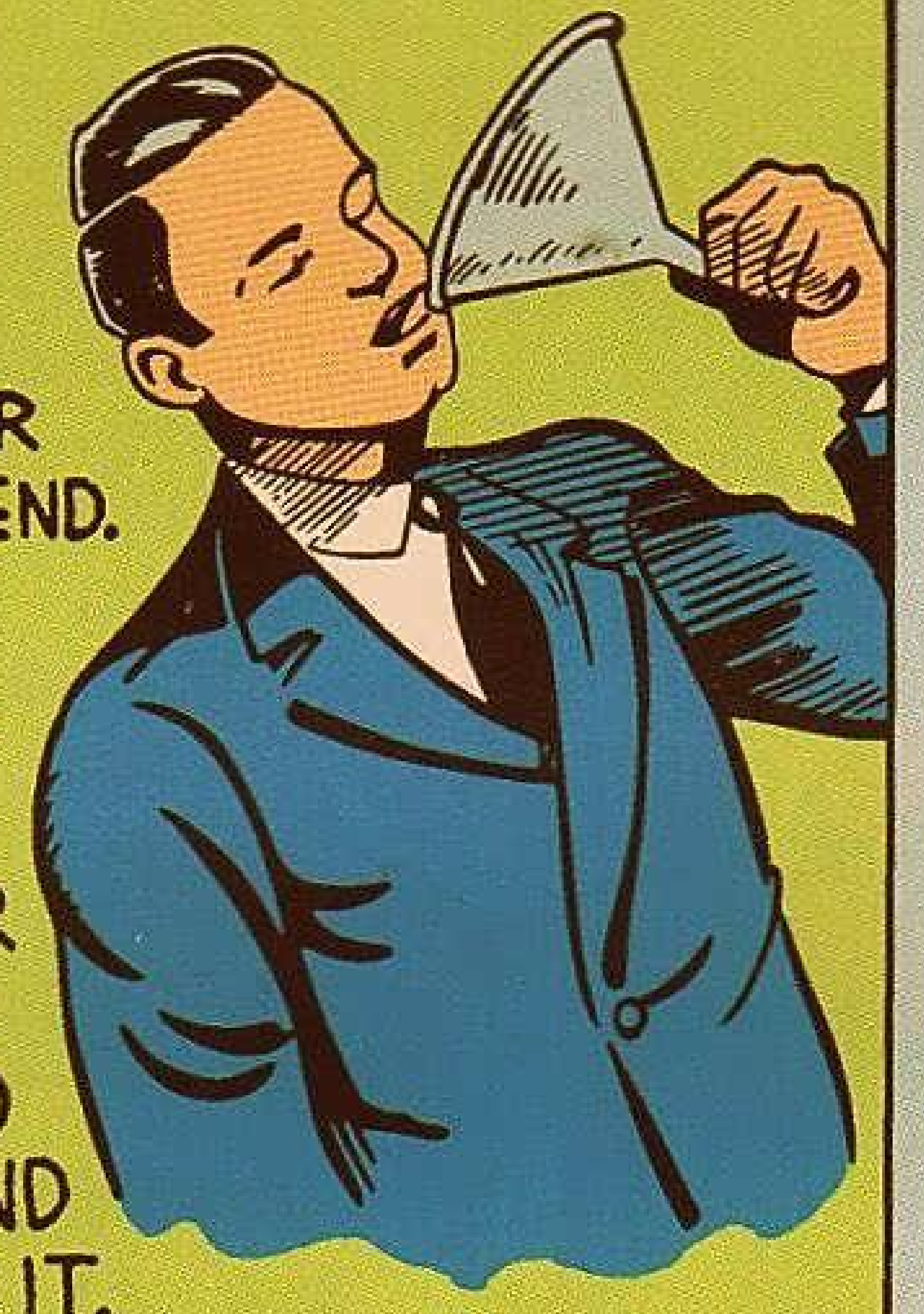
MAKE-BELIEVE MAGIC

The FUNNEL TRICK

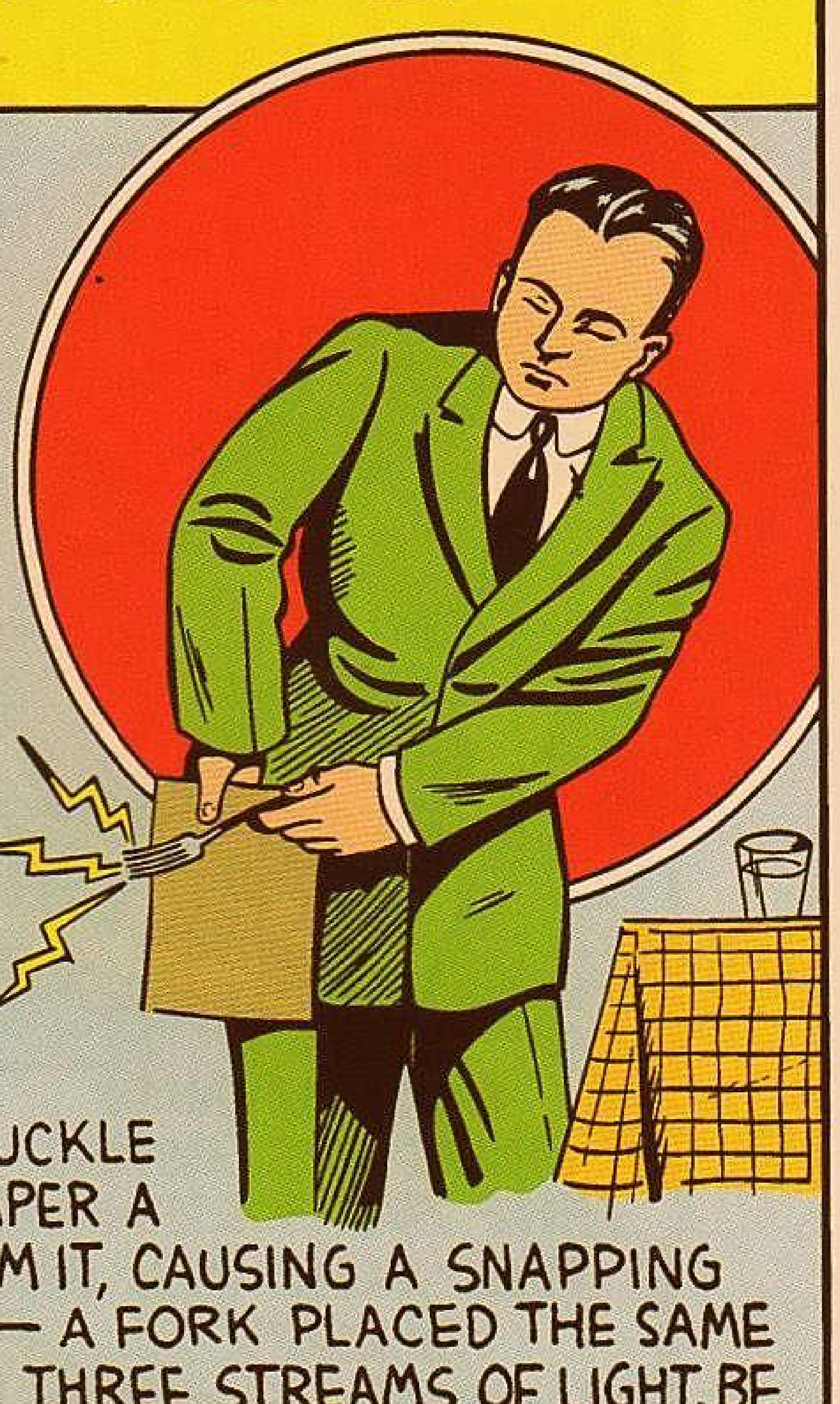


HAVE ONE OF THE AUDIENCE POUR WATER INTO A FUNNEL WHILE YOU HOLD YOUR FINGER OVER THE BOTTOM OF IT. NOW DRINK THE CONTENTS AND TURN THE FUNNEL OVER SHOWING IT IS EMPTY. UTTER SOME MAGIC WORDS AND QUICKLY TURN THE FUNNEL OVER AGAIN AND TO EVERYBODY'S SURPRISE WATER WILL POUR FROM THE END.



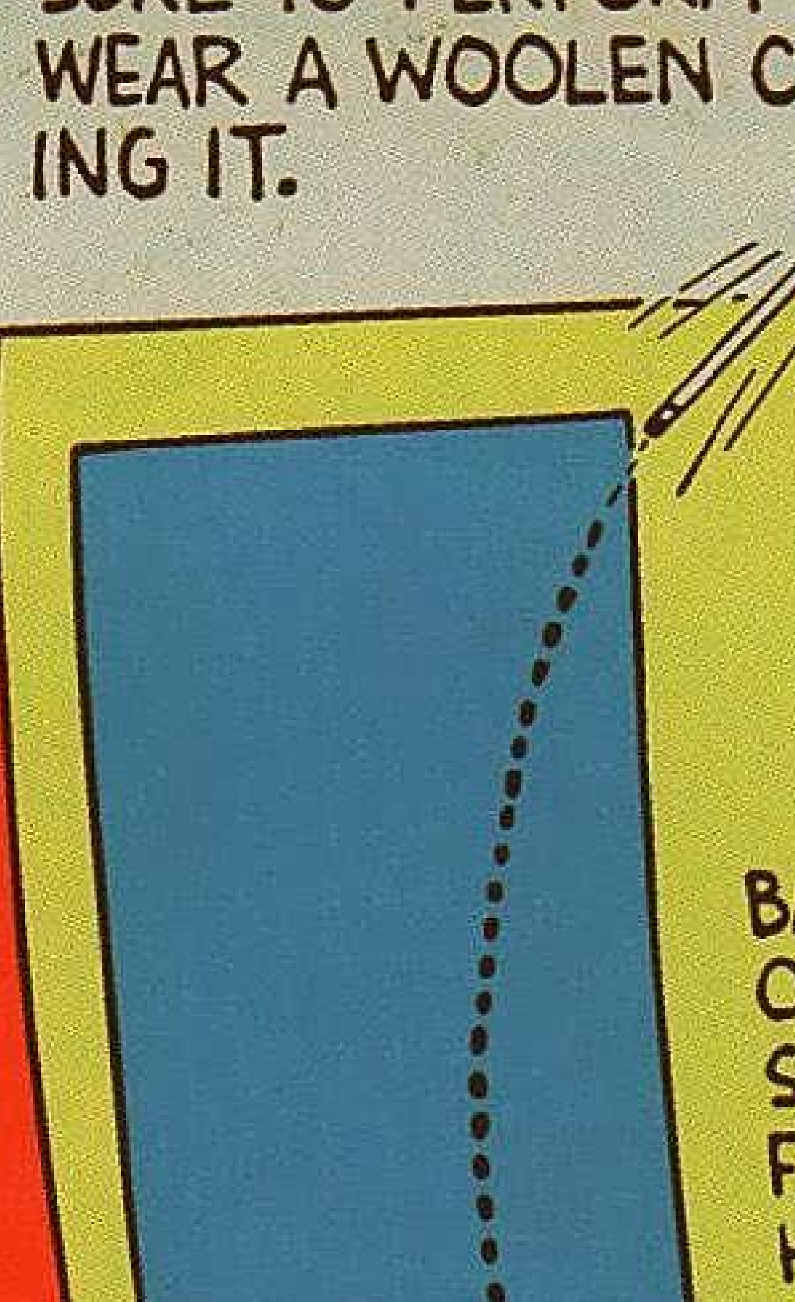
HERE IS HOW IT IS DONE:- SET ONE FUNNEL INTO THE OTHER AND SOLDER TOGETHER AT THE TOP. BEFOREHAND POUR WATER INTO THE END OF FUNNEL AND PUT YOUR FINGER OVER IT. AFTER WATER HAS BEEN DRAINED FROM THE TOP RELEASE YOUR FINGER ON THE BOTTOM AND THE WATER LAYING BETWEEN THE FUNNELS COMES RUSHING OUT.

ELECTRIFIED PAPER



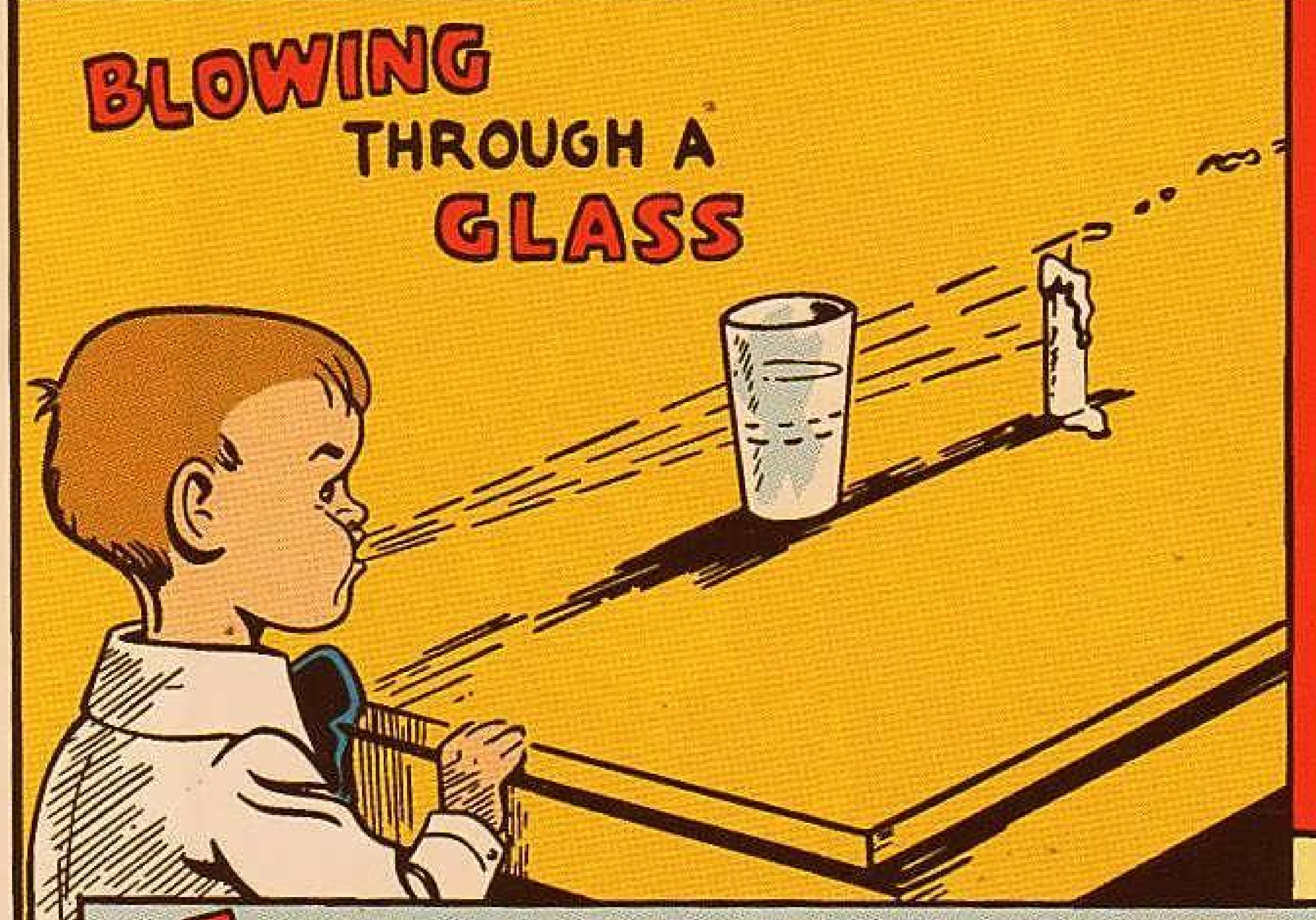
TRY THIS:- TAKE A PIECE OF HEAVY BROWN PAPER AND DRY IT BEFORE THE FIRE. THEN PLACE IT ON YOUR THIGH HOLDING IT AT THE EDGE. RUB IT QUICKLY BACK AND FORTH FOR ABOUT A MINUTE WITH THE CUFF OF THE OTHER SLEEVE. IF YOUR KNUCKLE IS PLACED NEAR THE PAPER A SPARK WILL ISSUE FROM IT, CAUSING A SNAPPING NOISE TO BE HEARD — A FORK PLACED THE SAME WAY WILL PRODUCE THREE STREAMS OF LIGHT. BE SURE TO PERFORM THIS TRICK IN THE DARK AND WEAR A WOOLEN COAT AND TROUSERS WHILE DOING IT.

The JUMPING PENCIL



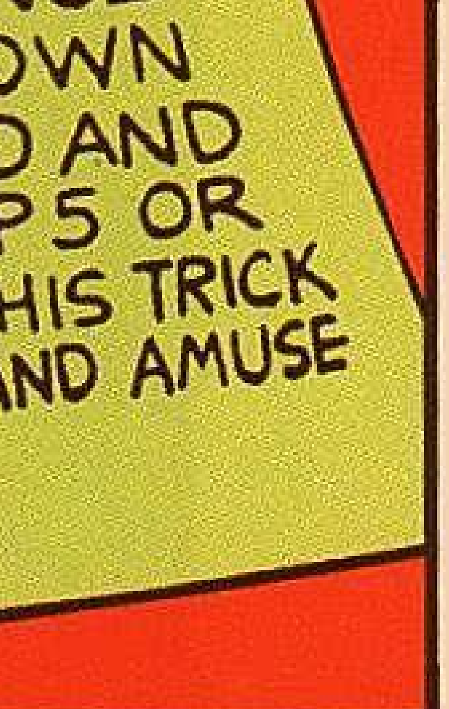
DO THIS:- PLACE A RUBBER BAND AROUND SECOND JOINT OF FIRST FINGER, CLOSE HAND SO THAT THUMB COVERS THE FINGER. NOW WITH BACK OF HAND HELD TO AUDIENCE PUSH THE PENCIL DOWN HARD ONTO THE BAND AND THE PENCIL WILL JUMP 5 OR 6 FT. INTO THE AIR. THIS TRICK IS BOUND TO MYSTIFY AND AMUSE EVERYBODY.

BLOWING THROUGH A GLASS



LIGHT A CANDLE AND SET IT ON A TABLE. PUT A DRINKING GLASS BETWEEN CANDLE AND YOURSELF. NOW, IF YOU BLOW AGAINST THE GLASS THE CANDLE WILL GO OUT. HERE IS THE REASON:- BY BLOWING AGAINST CENTER OF GLASS THE AIR DIVIDES AND UNITES ON OPPOSITE SIDE HITTING THE FLAME AGAIN.

The BALANCED EGG



IF YOU EVER TRIED TO BALANCE AN EGG YOU WOULD FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE- BUT BY GIVING IT A COUPLE OF GOOD SHAKES THE YOKE WILL BREAK AND SINK TO ONE END MAKING IT HEAVY··· AND THEN IT CAN EASILY BE BALANCED.

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GUARANTEE—You take no risk! You must be 100% delighted or you may return within five days for full refund of purchase price.

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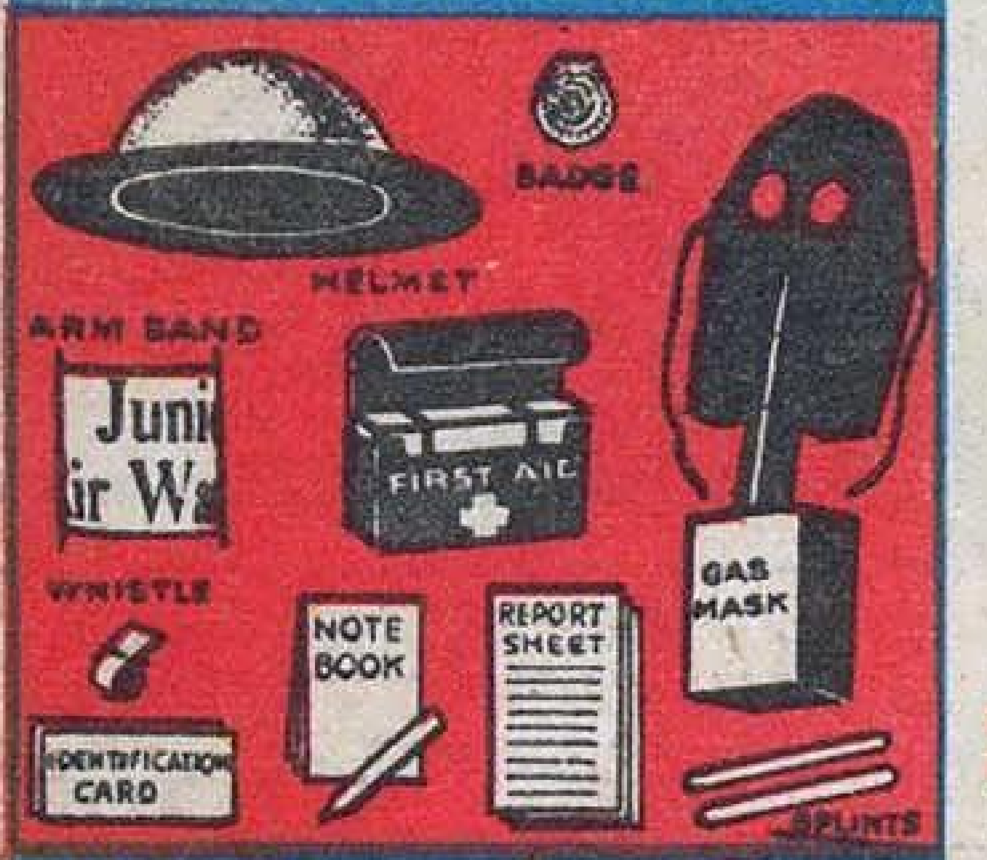
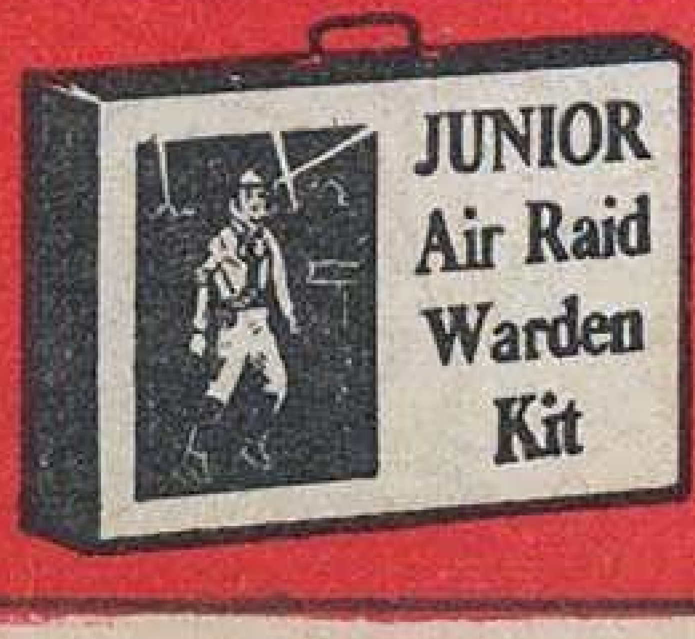


This Carrying Case FREE WITH YOUR ORDER



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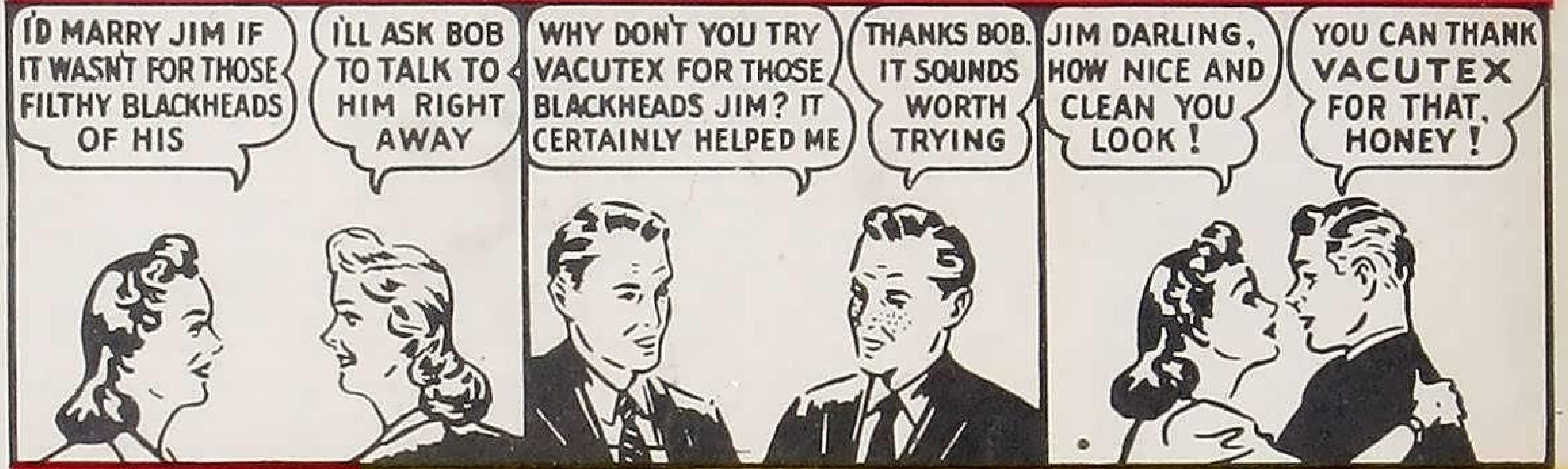
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I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY
WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME
THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING
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